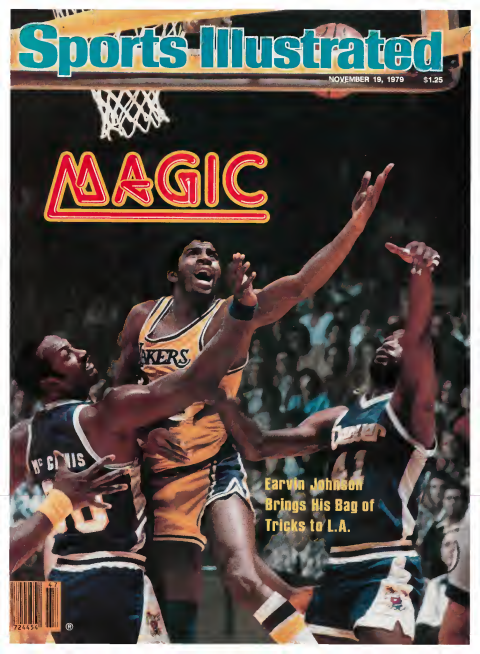


Sports Illustrated



NOVEMBER 19, 1979

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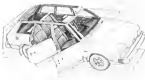
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Shopwalk

by ALLAN POSPISIL

AT VERMONT TUBBS THEY STILL MAKE SNOWSHOES THE WAY THEY USED TO

Fred Cox spliced two moistened strips of rawhide, drew the joint snug against the frame of the snowshoe he was working on, and wove it diagonally through a latticework of rawhide strips that looked like strands of flat, uncooked pasta. Cox, 67, was at work at the shop of Vermont Tubbs, Inc., Wallingford, Vt., one of the oldest U.S. snowshoe manufacturers, and as his fingers flew he reminisced "I started lacing snowshoes in 1942, during the war," he said. "That was a busy time. We made thousands of shoes for the Army. I retired five years ago but I couldn't stand the inactivity, so I came back, part-time. I lace four pairs of shoes an hour. I just do the body of the shoe, the toe and heel sections are done by someone else."

Time for another splice, quicker than the eye could follow, and another strand threaded across the shoe. The 40 feet of rawhide Cox requires to lace the midsection of a 10-inch by 16-inch Green Mountain Bearpaw snowshoe comes from the skin of the water buffalo. The animal produces a hide of superior strength, but for the toe and heel sections—subject to less weighting and abrasion—common cowhide does nicely.

Almost half the snowshoes Vermont Tubbs sells today are laced with neoprene but Cox won't touch those. "I don't like the neoprene," he says. "It's harder to work with. You have to pull it real tight, but the rawhide will dry tight by itself."

"Anyway, two years ago I sat down and figured out how many snowshoes I'd laced since 1942 and I guess it was just about 80,000 pairs. I don't know how many I have done since."

Finished, he released the shoe from the clamping jig that held it nearly upright, put it aside and reached for the mate.

The frame of a Tubbs snowshoe is made by hand—as is the rest of the shoe—of white ash, straight, coarse-grain strips 3/16ths of an inch square. The strips, tapered in the center, are steamed for two hours and then bent around a form. Two men working swiftly can bend an ash strip into the shape of a Green Mountain Bearpaw shoe, a Michigan, Alaska Trapper or Qjibway model, in less than a minute. After two days in a 140° drying room, the dried ash frames are ready to be mortised to hold two crossbars, sanded and riveted to join the tapered ends at the heel or tail of the shoe. Those steps completed, deft fingers, like those of Fred Cox and the 20 or so other Tubbs employees at Wallingford, weave the webbing that can keep a 200-pound

man afloat over drifts of fresh powder snow.

In such fashion, amid the good natural smells of wood, hide, sealers and varnish, Vermont Tubbs turns out 20,000 pairs of snowshoes a year. Of those, more than half are Green Mountain Bearpaws, a Tubbs adaptation of an old Indian design, flat and broad as smudges. The Green Mountain version is elongated, turned up at the tip, smoothly rounded at the heel. Because it's narrow and tailless, it's easy to maneuver, good for beginners and best for hiking through thickly wooded Eastern terrain.

The longer Michigan, Cross Country, Alaska Trapper and Qjibway styles all come with pointed tails, offer superior tracking stability and are better for dry snow in open country. The Qjibway, a monnier shoe five feet long, has a pointed toe as well, and it's the one model made from two strips of ash.

When Hadwin Young, the Tubbs plant manager for the last 30 years, takes to the snowy hills and rangelands above Wallingford, he wears an Alaska Trapper shoe, 10 inches wide by 56 inches long with a six-inch tip-up in front. "The Bearpaw is a lot easier to wear if you're rabbit hunting," Young says, "but my preference is a shoe with a tail. The tail acts as a rudder and keeps the shoe tracking straight."

The genesis of Vermont Tubbs is murky, even to Young and to Bard Morgan, who bought the company in 1968. Morgan knows it was started in Maine more than 100 years ago by a man named Tubbs, who later moved the business south to Vermont. But little else is known of Tubbs or his early shoes.

Morgan runs the company from Foresdale, Vt., 25 miles north of Wallingford, at a second Tubbs plant that manufactures, among other things, furniture with seats and backs laced like snowshoes. At Foresdale, a factory store selling mostly furniture, seconds and imperfect snowshoes is located above a Laundromat. If you can find the store, there are bargains to be had. Normally the shoes retail from \$66 for the Green Mountain to \$76.50 for the Qjibway, bindings not included.

The newest, most expensive Tubbs shoe is an aluminum model that costs \$120. A patent is pending on the design, called the Alumi-A-Shoe, and it has earned a niche in local law enforcement annals. One night last winter a game warden, who happened to have a test pair of the new shoes, was riding through Foresdale with a police officer when a breaking-and-entering call came over the radio. The two drove to the scene and spotted tracks leading away from the house into the woods.

"Lemme have those snowshoes," said the officer, and he glided off after the perpetrator. Why, with wings like that on his feet, it took him no time at all to run down the floundering thief. An easy pinch.

Vermont Tubbs, Inc., Foresdale, Vt. 05745

END

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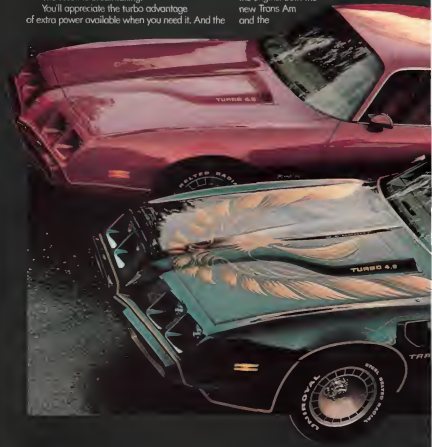
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ANNOUNCES: TURBOCHARGED V-8

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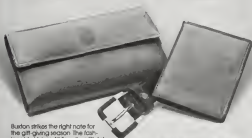
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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

NANCY LOPEZ' ACCOUNT OF HER CAREER IS HIGH-SPIRITED BUT INSUBSTANTIAL

Nancy Lopez is an attractive, vivacious, likeable young woman, and a remarkably talented golfer in the bargain. She has been to the women's professional golf tour what Billie Jean King was to women's tennis—the individual who, because of her energy and skill, almost singlehandedly brought widespread acceptance to a game previously regarded with indifference or contempt. Lopez joked and delighted the nation last year when, as a rookie, she won five straight tournaments; she has rolled right along in grand style this year, the leading money-winner again.

All of which is fine and dandy, but none of which qualifies her to write a book. She has done so anyway: I wish she hadn't. It is *The Education of a Woman Golfer* (Simon and Schuster, \$9.95), written in collaboration with Peter Schwegel, and it has almost nothing to recommend it except a certain post-adolescent naiveté. Its prose is in the most grating tradition of gee-whiz and gosh-golly: as an instruction manual it's only marginally useful, because by her own happy admission Lopez is an instinctive golfer; and as the story of her life on and off the tour it is more notable for what it doesn't tell than what it does.

The details of her life are well enough known: growing up in Roswell, N. Mex., the daughter of proud and devoted Mexican-American parents; instruction in the rudiments of golf at the hands of her father; quick, sure progress through the amateur ranks; a spectacular professional debut; marriage early this year to a Pennsylvania television sportscaster.

Lopez goes through the whole story, but she doesn't embroider it much—though at the age of 22 she can't be expected to have much perspective on her life. She provides chatty sketches of her fellow players (they read like program notes), but she carefully skirts such delicate matters as sex on the tour and the physical effects of menstruation.

Her advice to would-be golfers consists mainly of "find your natural swing," which is a good deal easier for someone who was born with one than for someone who wasn't. It isn't that she's being evasive; the naturally gifted athlete is almost always the least successful teacher.

The Education of a Woman Golfer might be pleasant reading for a teen-ager with arrested critical faculties, but most adults will quickly weary of its exclamations and slumber-party chatter. It takes more than high spirits to write a book.

END

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packages.

A young girl with blonde pigtails and a pink bow, and a man with dark hair, are both smiling and looking at a collection of wrapped gifts. The gifts are decorated with various patterns and colors, including red, blue, and yellow. Several of the gifts feature images of Suzuki motorcycles. A large red bow is on top of one gift, and a yellow bow is on top of another. A small white box with the Suzuki logo is visible in the foreground.

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Sideline

by JIM KAPLAN

**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WAS AN ATHLETE
WHOSE IDEAS WERE AHEAD OF HIS TIME**

The 1970s have been sport's intellectual decade. We have been swamped by every form of insight—from the healthful benefits of sport to its psychology to its use as a literary metaphor. But if we had more carefully gleaned the writings of Benjamin Franklin, much of this information would not be new at all; it would be the basic stuff of a school-child's primer.

Benjamin Franklin? That portly old fellow whose aphorism taught thrift and prudence? The same, Ben Franklin, believe it or not, was an athlete.

Franklin grew stout in his later years only because he suffered from bladder stones, which prevented him from exercising and left him vulnerable to gout. As a young man, though, he had the slope-shouldered, smoothly muscled body of the excellent swimmer he was. In one of his first experiments, the teen-aged Franklin hoisted a kite while swimming and was pulled along by the wind. A few years later he swam 3½ miles down the Thames River from Chelsea to Blackfriars. What made the journey noteworthy was not the distance but the technique. Having learned all the known strokes, Franklin took the opportunity to publicly demonstrate these, as well as a few of his own, "aiming for the graceful and easy as well as the useful." Soon after, he toyed with the idea of becoming a full-time swimming instructor.

Franklin was as thoughtful about swimming as he was about everything else, and his views are especially pertinent in this era of Perfection through Jogging. Franklin understood that swimming is the one form of exercise everyone needs to learn for simple safety. In a letter to a friend, Oliver Neave, who despaired of learning to swim as an adult, Franklin proposed—what else?—an experiment: wade out to a spot where the water is chest-high and throw an egg back into slightly shallower water. Then dive for it, keeping your eyes open. "You will find that the water keeps you up against your inclination, that it is not so easy a thing to sink as you imagined." To his French friend Barbeu Dubourg, Franklin wrote, "After having swum for an hour or two in the evening, one sleeps coolly the whole night."

Franklin believed a good workout helped ward off disease. The subject of exercise was food for thought. "Want of exercise occasions want of appetite," he wrote during a long, confining ocean voyage, "so that eating and drinking afford but little pleasure." Franklin

continued

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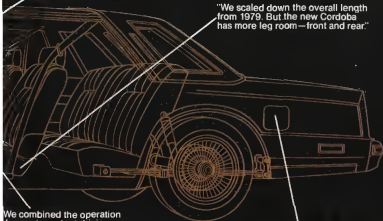


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SIDELINE continued

advocated lifting weights, sleeping in cold rooms and drinking great quantities of water (his colleagues at a British printing house called him the Water-American). These practices have been accepted today, but back when Franklin proposed them they were usually considered eccentric.

Indeed, Franklin's views on sport flew in the face of contemporary wisdom. The Puritans, for instance, believed that games were permissible only when used to teach religious lessons. Gamesman Franklin connected a healthy mind to a well-conditioned body, and he knew real from imagined conditioning. "There is more exercise in one mile's riding on horseback than in five in a coach." The amount of exercise, he said, should be judged not by time or distance but by "the degree of warmth it produces in the body," which he related to increased pulsebeat. Cardio-fitness centers of the 1970s have merely formalized Franklin's views.

The young Franklin built his friendships around sporting and intellectual competition. This practice cost him some buddies but provided us with acute observations. About checkers he said, "The persons playing ought not much to regard the consequence of the game, for that diverts and withdraws the attention of the mind from the game itself, and makes the player liable to make many false moves." This is just another way of stating the modern athlete's refrain, that to worry about pressure or score or any other external factor is to take one's mind off hitting the next pitch or catching the next pass.

Franklin played chess for several hours a night. His *Maxims of Chess* should be read by every pawn pusher. Commenting on those who make false excuses for losing, Franklin wrote: "He who shelters himself under such untruths in trifling matters is no very sturdy moralist in things of greater consequence, where his fame and honour are at stake." Franklin preferred not to give moves back; he saw chess as a strict life-lesson on "the consequences of your rashness."

In the end, his example is as instructive as his thinking. "Franklin's life is an athlete went through three distinct stages," says Ormond Scurry, an assistant professor of history at George Washington University and a Franklin scholar. "As a young man he had an aggressive ego, which demonstrated itself in competition even with people he should have regarded as friends. Later he became a team player, at least in his thinking. At this point, you might say he had progressed from John McEnroe to Willie Stargell. Finally, he dealt gracefully and humorously with the decline of his body, particularly in his famous *Dialogue with the Goat*. A lot of athletes have had great difficulty in doing that."

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END



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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

ATTENTION, PLEASE

Football players must be an awfully inattentive lot. Cribicized for his longtime practice of slapping players' helmets and grabbing their face masks, Frank Kush, Arizona State's deposed coach, has explained that he was merely trying to gain their attention because he wanted them to "look me in the eye." Two weeks ago Craig Bray, an assistant coach at the University of Nevada-Reno, slapped a player, Jeff Wright, on the helmet during a 38-26 win over Idaho, after which he said, "It was a way of getting his attention." And last week players at Marshall University told *The Washington Post* that Coach Sonny Randle had yanked their face masks so severely that they feared somebody's neck might be broken. Randle, a former NFL end, replied, "The only thing I've ever done is get a face mask so I can get his attention ... to make sure the youngster is looking in my eyes."

The *Chicago Tribune* recently quoted a football player at an unidentified Illinois high school as saying, "One of our assistant coaches used to actually foam at the mouth ... He'd grab you by the face mask, hit you in the head and call you everything in the book ... He'd throw you into the lockers and slam you around." A former high school player told of having played for a coach who hit players in the head with a broomstick. The *Tribune* story about such practices was prompted by a one-game suspension of Ed Thomas, longtime coach at Chenoa High School near Bloomington, Ill., for allegedly elbowing a player in the mouth, causing an injury that required several stitches. Thomas insisted that he had simply given the player "what we call in football a forearm shiver to the chest." He also said, "I got his attention, I'll tell you that."

LINEAGE BE DAMNED

Robert Bowie was governor of Maryland in the early 19th century, and the state has a town (Bowie), college (Bowie State)

and track (Bowie Race Course) bearing his name. Then there is great-great-grandson Bowie Kuhn, a Maryland native who is also descended from another of the state's early governors, Joseph Kent. But the baseball commissioner's gubernatorial lineage has not prevented him from fining Baltimore Oriole President Jerold Hoffberger \$2,500 for letting Maryland's current governor, Harry Hughes, throw out the first ball at the second game of the World Series.

Hoffberger violated an obscure major league rule that prohibits politicians and movie stars from throwing out first balls during World Series. He said he defied the rule because Hughes was a personal friend (not to mention a onetime pitcher in Class D baseball), and he said he might refuse to pay the fine. In his anger, Hoffberger claimed that Richard Nixon had thrown out the first ball at an American League playoff game in Anaheim; in fact, Nixon merely was an honored guest of California Angel owner Gene Autry. However, the Pirates did have Pennsylvania Governor Richard Thornburgh hold a ball for photographers before a World Series game in Pittsburgh, after which the widow of former Pirate Manager Danny Murtaugh threw it.

The pundo of Hoffberger—and of Maryland's governor—could scarcely have been more awkward if the commissioner's name were Hughes Kuhn.

YAP, YAP, YAP

You've heard of the Ten Most Wanted list, that Who's Who of fugitives the FBI puts out. Well, now there's a Ten Least Wanted list, a compilation of the worst bellyachers in the National Hockey League as ranked by four long-suffering (and anonymous) referees surveyed by *The Montreal Gazette*. Asked to name the NHL players they consider the biggest pains in the neck, the refs gave top ranking to New York Ranger Phil Esposito, who they agreed was "a notorious crier." One official elaborated, "Esposito is a whiner, especially about guys hanging

on to his stick in front of the net."

The runners-up in the survey were, in order, 2) Montreal's Doug Risebrough ("a yappy little s.o.b."); 3) Philadelphia's Bobby Clarke ("especially tough on linemen"); 4) the Rangers' Ron Greschner ("not a yeller, just a smart ass"); 5) Minnesota's Tim Young ("a constant bawler"); 6) Toronto's Borge Salming ("feels he's a star and deserving of special protection"); 7) Atlanta's Dan Bouchard ("Call him for interference, he goes bananas"); 8) Pittsburgh's Dale Tallon ("He'll always make a situation worse by saying something"); 9) Boston's Dick Redmond ("He'll cry when he's knocked down, and he's a guy who gets knocked



down easily") and 10) Chicago's Stan Mikita ("a meaner").

Although Esposito is No. 1 for all-round crankiness, the one with the most needless repartee may well be Clarke, who often can be seen skating around during pauses in the action, head down, muttering to the officials. What he's probably telling them, according to the refs, is something like, "Nobody spends \$15 to watch you drop a puck."

OLYMPIC HOOPS & HOPES

U.S. amateur basketball authorities have been meeting with NBA officials in an effort to ensure that this country assembles its strongest possible team for the 1980 Olympics. U.S. Olympic basketball teams are perennially handicapped by the fact that many of the best American play-

(continued)

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ers are professionals, and thus ineligible for the Games. What makes matters worse is that, for various reasons, a number of eligible colleagues have also sat out the Olympics, the most notable defections having occurred when Lew Alcindor and Elvin Hayes both passed up the 1968 Games.

Among the leading players who declined to try out for the U.S. team in 1976 were Leon Douglas and Robert Parish, both of whom felt that doing so might somehow jeopardize anticipated pro contracts. Similar concerns could arise next year. The U.S. Olympic Trials will be held May 18-23 and the NBA draft in mid-June. Because basketball competition in Moscow runs from July 20 to 30, Olympians would have to wait six weeks before signing NBA contracts. Besides being apprehensive about the possibility of injury, some players will no doubt worry that failure to make the Olympic team—or poor performances if they do make it—could hamper their bargaining power with the NBA.

Pro officials rejected suggestions that they reschedule their draft after the Olympics. But they imply that they will try to hold off signing drafted Olympians until the Games are over. It is hoped that players and their agents will cooperate. There is talk of taking out insurance to protect unsigned players against loss of future earnings, although it is unclear whether this in itself could make a player professional.

Bill Wall, executive director of the Amateur Basketball Association, the U.S. governing body for Olympic basketball, says that from 46 to 64 players will be invited to the Trials. Wall pointed out last week that competing in the Olympics greatly enhanced the NBA prospects of, among others, Spencer Haywood, Doug Collins and Phil Ford. Meanwhile a 14-game U.S. tour by the Soviet National Team is in full swing. Playing against major-college competition, the Soviets last week had a 4-1 record, serving notice that they will be tough to beat on their home court at the '80 Olympics.

ROCKY GOING

These are tough times for Colorado sports fans. The NBA Denver Nuggets are off to a 5-11 start, the NHL Colorado Rockies are in last place in the Smythe Division with a 3-9-2 record, two officials of the International Volleyball Association's Denver Comets plead-

ed guilty last week to drug charges, and the Denver Stars, a professional rodeo team, have declared bankruptcy. Meanwhile, the football season drags on for Colorado State (4-6), the University of Colorado (1-8) and Air Force Academy (1-9). The NFL Broncos have an 8-3 record but were shellacked 42-7 last month by Pittsburgh, their worst defeat in 11 years. Nor is there cause for unbridled jubilation in fresh reports that the Oakland A's might be moving to Denver; the A's, remember, are a last-place club with a final 1979 record of 54-108.

One positive note for Colorado fans is that a major storm has had a blanket of snow up to a foot deep on the Rockies. Just in case anybody wants to get away from it all and go skiing.

BURNED

Atlanta Journal readers were chuckling last week over a yarn recounted by columnist Ron Hudspeeth. It seems that a disenchanted Falcon fan had tried to give away two tickets to an upcoming game to strangers at a shopping center but couldn't find any takers. The man then put the tickets under a windshield wiper on his car, hoping that somebody would flick them while he was shopping. He was gone an hour. When he returned, he found six tickets waiting for him—his pair and four others.

CHALLENGING THE BILL FOR BILL

The NBA Players Association said last week that it was taking Commissioner Larry O'Brien's compensation award in the Bill Walton case to U.S. District Court. O'Brien had ordered the San Diego Clippers to give the Portland Trail Blazers Kermit Washington, Kevin Kunnert, two first-round draft choices and \$350,000 for signing Walton. The association contends that this was excessive, the same argument it used to challenge O'Brien's compensation ruling in the case of Marvin Webster, who signed last year with the New York Knicks. That award was overturned in court in September, and the NBA has appealed.

The association's position in the Walton case may have been strengthened by the latest news on the injury that has kept the big center sidelined since preseason. Eight orthopedists examined Walton's left foot and diagnosed the problem, variously, as a sprained ligament, inflamed tendon and congenital bone defect. Last week one of them,

Dr. Tony Daly, said it turns out that Walton has a stress fracture of the navicular bone. This is the same bone Walton fractured in Portland, an injury that kept him out of action all last season and raised questions about the medical care that the Trail Blazers were providing him. If the quality of that care can now be linked to the injury that is depriving San Diego of Walton's services, it might be all the more difficult to justify a big compensation award to the Portland team.

Meanwhile, Walton's foot is in a lightweight fiber-glass cast, and he is expected to be out of the lineup for at least six more weeks. Answering charges that he has a low pain threshold, Walton said last week, "I enjoy living in a country where people have the freedom to criticize." But he also noted that he once played half a season with a broken wrist and added, "I want to play basketball again. The best positive contribution I can make to society at this stage of my life is as a basketball player."

POKE'S PEAK

Eastern Illinois University has a compactly built (5' 6", 190 pounds) running back named Chris (Poke) Cobb who rushed for 161 yards in 27 carries Saturday in a 24-0 win over Illinois State, raising his career yardage total to 4,986, an NCAA Division II record. With one game left, Cobb, a senior, could surpass Archie Griffin's total of 5,177 yards and assume fourth place on the all-division list behind Tony Dorsett's 6,082. Cobb obviously moves well enough, but that wasn't always the case, as his nickname suggests. "When he was small," says a brother, Ernest, "he was kind of slow, crawling around the ground and all, and he was called Porky. When he grew up a little bit, we changed that to Poke."

THEY SAID IT

- Ed Farrell, Davidson football coach, after losing to Furman 63-55: "I thought 55 would have been enough."
- Jim Henson, creator of the Muppets, attending homecoming festivities at his alma mater, Maryland ('60), without Miss Piggy: "She heard they were kicking around a pigskin and that all those people were eating hot dogs. She thought the whole thing was sort of barbaric."
- Pete Rozelle, marveling at how little controversy NFL officials have stirred up this season: "They might be waiting for the playoffs."

END

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Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 16, 1979



At 6' 8½", Johnson is a strong rebounder, especially for a guard; and working the boards has become almost as integral

DOING IT ALL



a part of his game as ball handling and floor generalship, two specialties at which he already appears to have few peers.

FOR L.A.

When the Lakers signed Magic Johnson, they thought he could do everything with the ball but shoot it. Now he is scoring as well as passing **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

CONTINUED

A few years ago—even last season—it wouldn't have been unusual to see a fan taking a snooze at courtside during a Los Angeles Lakers game in The Forum, where the chilly reserve of the crowds usually runs about 10° below body temperature.

Ah, but that is the past. Things are warming up now, and by last week the long aughts of ennui and frustration were but a grim and distant memory at the once-again-Fabulous Forum, where the Lakers had won nine of 10 games and were clearly enjoying life in the fast-break lane. The new-look Lakers had replaced the no-look, no-luck, old-look Lakers, and nowhere was the change more brightly apparent than in the beaming kisser of Earvin (Magic) Johnson Jr.

After being selected No. 1 in the college draft last June at the age of 19, Johnson, who as a sophomore had led Michigan State to the 1978-79 NCAA championship, went west and became simply Magic, both upper and lower case. If he is as good as his first month in the league seems to promise, at the ripe old age of 20 he may just be capable of helping the Lakers win the 1980 NBA title.

Johnson was never more typically Magic than in last Friday's 126-122 overtime victory over Denver. Despite blowing three fairly easy shots as the Lakers plodded through the first quarter, Johnson scored an NBA career-high 31 points—hitting 10 of 16 shots from the field, including eight straight baskets during the Lakers' game-winning rally—passed for eight assists and grabbed six rebounds. More than that, he and Norm Nixon, L.A.'s other out-standing young guard, had cranked up the fast-break game in the second half. "When we started running, my confidence started to rise," said Magic. "That's when I knew it was time to deal on some people. When we're rolling and the break is going, I guess it looks like I am performing magic out there. There are some nights I think I can do anything." He stopped for a moment and his soft brown eyes widened. "You really have to love the game to play that way, though," he said. "You can't be afraid to let your emo-

tions out in front of 13,000 people."

That is a fairly breathtaking statement, considering the fact that if the entire emotional content of one of the Lakers' recent seasons were on film, it could be screened during one cycle of the 24-second clock. But anyone who has seen Johnson play can tell you that despite all his raw skills, it is the sheer force of his personality that accounts for his particular genius. "Magic's greatest asset is his enthusiasm, the way he can lift his team up," says Donnie Walsh, coach of the Nuggets.

"He really is magic," says Guard Brian Taylor of San Diego. "He's got great charisma. It's fun just to watch someone who can get the ball to his teammates when they're open. There are a few other players in the league who can do that, but what makes Magic special is the way he brings his own personality to it."

Golden State Coach Al Attles was so concerned about the hypnotic effect of Johnson's passing that during practice one day last week he warned his team, "Don't get mesmerized by Magic." Even after Johnson's least inspired performance of the week in a 126-109 loss to the Warriors, Attles remained impressed. "There are two types of passers," he said. "The first kind can make a pass that looks good but doesn't lead to anything; the second can get the ball to a teammate when he's in a position to do something with the ball. Magic is the second kind."

A day earlier, in a game against San Diego, Johnson had scored 18 points, pulled down nine rebounds and dealt out eight assists without committing a turnover. In the third quarter, when the Lakers were in the process of widening a five-point advantage to 12 points en route to a 127-112 win, Johnson had stood near midcourt and fired a pass between two Clippers to Laker Forward Jim Chones underneath the basket. Magic had not seemed to notice Chones, and, for that matter, Chones was buried so deep in traffic that he didn't really consider himself to be open. When the ball came whistling through the jerseys and into Chones' hands, he regarded it suspiciously and then dumped it into the basket. As he trotted down the floor, Chones shook his head in disbelief. "Magic sees angles a lot of guards don't see," he says, "and he gives you the ball in the rhythm of your move so you can go right up with it."

As any magician knows, the illusion

of perfection is achieved only after a succession of awkward failures, and Johnson was less than spectacular in the Lakers' pre-season workouts as he adjusted to his new surroundings. "During training camp I just watched my new teammates and tried to pay attention to their tendencies," he says. "If I'm going to throw a no-look pass, I want to be sure somebody's going to be there to catch it. A lot of times I messed up because I thought somebody would be somewhere they weren't, or because they thought I couldn't see them when they were open. I hit a lot of people in the face at first and I got a lot of turnovers, but I just worked at it until I got it right."

Johnson is one of seven new players in Laker uniforms this season, a statistic that makes Los Angeles' strong start all the more impressive. Former Portland Assistant Jack McKinney, in his first season as a head coach in the pros, wasted no time putting distance between his team and L.A. teams of the past. Spencer Haywood was acquired from Utah to become the Lakers' rebounding forward; then, when Chones, who was with Cleveland, became available, he supplanted Haywood in the starting lineup along with becoming Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's backup. McKinney's most important selling job was persuading Nixon to give up his playmaking role and adjust to working most of the time without the ball. Magic, despite his many virtues,



does not run well without the ball and often seems to lose his concentration when he is not directing traffic.

McKinney, who suffered a head injury last Thursday when he fell from a bicycle he was riding near his home, was in "serious but stable" condition at week's end. Before his accident, he made no secret of his respect for his prized rookie. Two weeks ago, in fact, when McKinney called time out with the score tied and less than 30 seconds to play against Phoenix, he ordered a play designed to get the ball to Forward Jamaal Wilkes, only to allow himself to be talked into giving Magic the final shot. The person who made the suggestion, of course, was Johnson, and McKinney's judgment was redeemed when Magic was fouled with six seconds remaining and won the game with two free throws.

"The Lakers of the past few years, because they didn't have a wealth of fast, ball-handling guards, had to slow the ball down and milk what they had, which was Kareem, Jamaal and Adrian Dantley," says McKinney. "Because those three are basically quiet people, the Lakers' style was not very exciting, and they became a bland, quiet team."

"The first thing Magic brought to us was a lot more enthusiasm and excitement, and I think that has been infectious. Also, when you get a new player as heralded as Magic was, it helps if he spends all night trying to pass the ball to

his teammates. We envisioned him being a terrific leader and ball handler, and with his size we figured he'd be particularly adept at getting the ball in to Kareem. We never thought of him as a scorer, but when he started playing in all-star games against other NBA players over the summer he scored 30 or 40 points a game. That's when we began to realize the full extent of his potential."

At Michigan State last season Johnson averaged only 17 points, and he seemed certain to score even less than that in the pros. In fact, the opposite has been true, probably because the NBA's 24-second clock forces more running than is commonly seen in college competition, and Johnson is an absolute master of the transition game. After 12 games—he missed three with a knee sprain—he was averaging 20.3 points and hitting 55.5% of his field-goal attempts, mostly taken near the basket, where he has been able to make good use of his height, which is 6' 8½", and his long arms, which are ridiculous.

With the score 88-88 against Denver, Magic picked off a pass from David Thompson to Tom Boswell. He threw his right arm out as if he were casting for marlin. Reeling the ball in, he launched himself down the court in a blur of elbows and knees. When he reached the free-throw line at the other end of the floor, he feinted to his left, added an almost imperceptible hitch to his dribble, and then crashed between two defenders as he uncoiled a soft bank shot that settled into the nets for two points.

"He's so young and he has so much enthusiasm for the game that it affects the whole team," says Chones, now in his eighth pro season. "We've all got enthusiasm, but if some of the older guys had that much I think we'd burn up in about 25 minutes." If one veteran Laker in particular has been noticeably more animated this season, it has been Abdul-Jabbar. Kareem reported to training camp more muscular than ever and has occasionally lunged after loose balls this season with an abandon that, while not really reckless, has been mostly absent from his game since he was in Milwaukee five seasons ago. "Kareem has proved everything there is to prove individually," says McKinney, who was an assistant coach at Milwaukee when Abdul-Jabbar was there. "I think as long as we're doing the things it takes to win, he knows now it

doesn't have to be Kareem every night."

Once the season had begun, it didn't take long for fans to start wondering if the Lakers were now Kareem's team, or Magic's. The answer probably is that the team was never Kareem's to lose, that he had remained so aloof from past Laker squads that those teams had never had any emotional focus. "It's not Kareem's way to be jumping up and down all the time," says Nixon, "but you can tell he's more enthusiastic now."

Johnson had read the stories about Abdul-Jabbar's increasing boredom with the game and had reported to the Lakers with a certain amount of apprehension. "Kareem represents the franchise," says Magic, "so I guess I wanted to be accepted by him more than anybody else. I had heard that he was unemotional, that he didn't work hard. But the stories I heard weren't true—he cracked jokes, he got mad, and he worked hard. The guy has got feelings."

Keeping Abdul-Jabbar happy and interested should be no problem, with Johnson and his nuclear smile in Laker land. But who will keep Magic happy? Never fear, the kid amuses himself. "I'm going to keep on smiling because that's how I live," he says. "When I get up in the morning I'm grateful to see the sun. I'm just going to go on being happy old Earvin because that's what people seem to like. And it's fun to be liked, the funnest thing of all."

END

The media have continually pressed Johnson



as have excited fans all around the league



The New York Yankees may have been a dismal fourth in the American League East this year, but they are clear-cut champions of the Hot Stove League. With his usual flair for the dramatic, New York owner George Steinbrenner in the past three weeks has resigned two Yankees who looked as if they might go elsewhere, canned his manager and replaced him with a college coach, and named as his general manager a minor league skipper. He also has pulled off two significant trades and grabbed two of the choicest players in the free-agent reentry draft. And now, for an encore, Steinbrenner would like to land Nolan Ryan, the most glamorous free agent of them all.

While the Yankees were fishing for Ryan last week—in the same boat with Houston, Texas, and Milwaukee—Ryan was doing some angling himself. The 32-year-old former California Angel pitcher settled down by a pond on his 600-acre

IT'S FISHING SEASON FOR NOLAN RYAN

Using money as bait, George Steinbrenner and three other owners are out to hook baseball's strikeout king, now a free agent by LARRY KEITH

spread, a 3½-hour drive from his home in Alvin, Texas, and contemplated rumors that next week he might reel in a record free-agent contract worth \$1 million a year. "I don't think there is a million-dollar bullplayer," Ryan said, "but if somebody's willing to pay..."

Steinbrenner certainly seems willing. "Nolan's one of the most desirable quantities in baseball," Steinbrenner says. "He's a strikeout king, and in these days when you have to fight soccer in the summer and football in September, you have to get the fans to the park somehow. And they come to see players but home runs

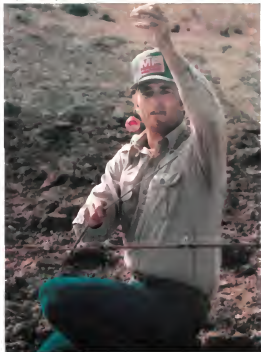
and strike people out." Steinbrenner landed a crowd-pleasing home-run hitter in the first reentry draft three years ago—Reggie Jackson—to whom Ryan would seem to be the perfect complement. Even Ryan's agent, Dick Moss, believes New York would be the ideal choice. "I said to Nolan, 'If I had your talent and your charisma and could create the kind of excitement you can, I would want to do my thing in New York, because I think it's the greatest baseball city in the country.'"

Although Steinbrenner himself could not have expressed it better, New York does not satisfy Ryan's yen to play for a team based near his home. Closest to Alvin is Houston, 26 miles away, which may be why, even before the draft took place, Ryan and his wife lunched with Astro owner John McMullen, who may have even more money than Steinbrenner and is willing to spend it. Also relatively nearby are the Rangers, and Ruth Ryan, a Lone Star native, prefers either of the two Texas teams to the Yankees. The fourth possibility is Milwaukee, although the Brewers seem least likely to generate a \$1 million-a-year offer. Indeed, that seems an outrageous sum for any pitcher but when Ryan is healthy—which he is often not—he can be untouchable; witness his four career no-hitters and 2,909 strikeouts.

Money, even if it should go as high as a million, would certainly not be a problem for the Yankees, who spend it as easily as they make it. Last week's signings of First Baseman-Designated Hitter Bob Watson and Pitcher Rudy May brought to eight the number of free agents who have made their reentry through the Port of New York—at a cost of nearly \$15 million. "I didn't create the free-agent system," Steinbrenner says, "but if it's there, I said I was going to use it."

No one appreciates this generosity more than the players. "I was surprised and overwhelmed," Watson said of Steinbrenner's big-money blitz. Watson, who batted .303 with Houston and Boston last season, received a four-year con-

Doing a little fishing himself on his Texas ranch, Ryan is said to be angling toward the Astros



tract worth approximately \$1.8 million, while May, 10-3 with Montreal, picked up \$1 million for three years.

As Steinbrenner describes it, the money he's handing over to Watson and May isn't even his. "The fans paid for them, I didn't," he says. "More than two and a half million people came out this year to support a fourth-place club. We're going to give them the kind of ballclub they deserve."

Badly in need of a receiver to replace Thurman Munson and a centerfielder to take over for Mickey Rivers, who was traded last season, Steinbrenner had begun the Yankee overhaul a week before by trading for Catcher Rick Cerone and Pitcher Tom Underwood of Toronto and Centerfielder Ruppert Jones of Seattle. The only important loss was First Baseman Chris Chambliss, who went to Toronto, having become expendable when Steinbrenner re-signed Jim Spencer, along with Shortstop Bucky Dent, a few days before. "Until we made these deals, our club had some holes and could be taken advantage of," Steinbrenner said. "Now we feel very good about our team."

In addition to changing the look of his lineup, Steinbrenner also reshaped New York on the management side. The day the trades were announced, the Yankees also introduced Gene Michael as the new general manager, succeeding Cedric Tallis, and Dick Howser as the new manager, succeeding Billy Martin. Both Michael and Howser are former Yankee players and coaches, although last year Michael was the pennant-winning field boss in Columbus and Howser guided the team at Florida State.

While orchestrating all of these moves with his blend of cajolery, bluff and charm, Steinbrenner was also keeping watch over his shipbuilding business. "These have been the toughest eight or nine days I've ever had," he said.

But Steinbrenner's recent spate of activity is precisely what sets him apart from baseball's other executives, particularly the likes of Boston owner and General Manager Haywood Sullivan, who allowed the hard-hitting Watson to slip town. "George is very forceful," says Tom Reich, who negotiated Watson's move from the Red Sox. "He knows what he wants and he goes full bore in trying to accomplish it. He applies his executive and entrepreneurial skills much more directly and decisively than the vast majority of owners."

With Steinbrenner dealing, New York's activity in the free-agent reentry process has been significantly different from that of Detroit, which has selected no one the last two years, and Cincinnati, which has never signed anyone from the draft. They represent the old-school approach that says baseball teams should be improved solely through trades and minor league development.

The traditional criticisms of the reentry draft have been that it would hurt the competitive balance of baseball and that it would send some teams to economic ruin. Marvin Miller, executive director of the Players Association, argues however that "Not a single one of these fears or worries has come true. It's just the reverse." Miller points out that

although the average player salary has increased from \$50,000 in 1976 to approximately \$121,000 last year, owner revenues also have gone up tremendously. This resulted from an increase in average club attendance from 1.3 million fans to 1.7 million over the same period. The larger crowds poured in despite ticket-price rises that increased the average from \$3.44 to \$4.12. Nevertheless, Ray Grebey, director of the owners' Player Relations Committee, counters, "While baseball teams as a group are doing well, there are some very sick clubs." But Grebey does not name the teams or offer any supporting data.

As for competitive balance, a comparison of the 1976 and 1979 final standings shows a marked decrease in the total number of games separating not only the first- and second-place teams in three of the divisions but also the first- and sixth-place teams in all four. Furthermore, six teams finished in exactly the same places in the standings.

This is not to say that the reentry draft has not had a profound effect on some teams. Oakland lost 31½ games in the standings after seeing such players as Don Baylor, Joe Rudi, Rollie Fingers and Sal Bando move on. Meanwhile, the two most improved teams over the 1976-79 period, Montreal and Milwaukee, were



Fourth on the field, Steinbrenner leads the Hot Stove League

very active in the marketplace, even though their successes this year can be attributed only partly to the work of free agents.

This year's group of 44 free agents tests the acumen of even the most astute front-office tactician. Watson, the best hitter, is already gone. Among those remaining, former Expo Tony Perez will be 38 next season, and ex-Red Joe Morgan, 36, is coming off two mediocre seasons. Morgan, a two-time MVP, was drafted by only four teams and will probably wind up in Los Angeles or San Diego. Among the pitchers, Ryan has more glamour than consistency. Bruce Kison, late of the Pirates, is rumored to have arm trouble and Reliever Al Hrabosky, formerly of the Royals, may have misplaced his out pitch. Reliever Don Stanhouse lost a lot of prestige—and possibly money—with his sorry postseason performance for Baltimore. Former Twin Dave Goltz, a 20-game winner in 1977, gained stature when he became the first player ever selected by the maximum number of teams allowed—13—in the first round. "I looked for six to eight teams to draft me," Goltz says, "but when I laid my cards on the table they all came up zeros."

Now he, Ryan and the Yankees all seem to have the deck stacked in their favor.



THE NAME OF THE GAME IS



NOW ARMBALL

With the season 11 weeks old, it's clear that throwers are no longer losers in the NFL, where the 300-yard passing game is fast becoming the rule

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

CONTINUED

The pass-catch game has opened up the NFL like a herring knife. Offensive linemen are getting sneakier. Blitzes are back. So are lawyers; a player can now sue an opponent for cheap-shooting him. Everyone—but everyone—gets to play because there are specialists for everything, even a designated right-side sacker. Offenses are going wild, but the television ratings aren't. And, of course, the AFC has come on so strong that we don't even talk about its dominance anymore; in fact, there now is an A Division and a B Division in the league. That's where NFL '79 stands after 11 weeks of the season. It's an X-rated movie—*Deep Throat*, parental guidance suggested for cornerbacks and safeties.

Defensive coaches are wringing their hands. Once they had the game by the throat. Then the rulemakers went to work: you offensive strategists can't do it on your own, so we'll help you. We'll help your receivers get free, and we'll let your linemen push off if they want to. Holding? Well, O.K., but within limits. No strangling, please. Women and children might be watching. And, oh yes, we'll also keep people

from roughing up your quarterbacks.

"Hell, yes, I like the new rules," says San Francisco Coach Bill Walsh. "We've got a quarterback, Steve DeBerg, who ranked 28th in the NFL last year, and now he's on the verge of breaking John Brodie's club records. We're leading the NFC in passing, and we're 101 yards away from leading the entire league. Because of the new rules, even with our limited personnel, we can throw the ball for big yardage. When I came here I had hoped to get 300 yards a game in total offense. Right now we're a fraction under 350. Teams still can't quite believe how profitable it is to put the ball in the air."

In the war room of the Pittsburgh Steelers, George Perles, the burly little assistant head coach who's in charge of the defensive line, stares glumly at the floor and gets ready for a long, cold winter. "The offenses had the new rules for more than a year, but they didn't know what to do with them," he says. "I held my breath. They started slow, but, brother, it's gone lickety-split in the last six weeks. People are finally getting around to doing what the owners spent thousands of dollars at their meetings in Palm Springs and Hawaii to get them to do."

Perles shakes his head. He fiddles with a pencil.

"It's just spawning—spawning," he

says. "It's happening in front of my eyes. I see it on Sunday, and then I have to go home and watch it on TV Monday night all over again. All those passes. It's the cycle of the 1950s coming back."

Ah, the '50s. The push for public acceptance, for the new TV dollars. Put the ball in the air. Win fans. Make money. Teams were passing for 170 to 175 yards a game. It went as high as 192, in '54. No team did it better than the Rams, Bob Waterfield and Dutch Van Brocklin throwing to Tom Fears and Elroy Hirsch and little Vitamin T. Smith, shooting out of the backfield. The P.R. director of the Rams in those joyful days was a young Californian named Alvin (Pete) Rozelle. Is it any wonder that two years ago, when the defense had clamped its icy hold on the game, he longed for the sunshine of yesteryear?

"No, no, it's not the same at all," Commissioner Rozelle says now. "Do you remember what everyone was saying about the game in the '50s?"

Indeed we do. They were saying that it wasn't football at all, that it was basketball in pads and cleats. A silly game.

"Right," Rozelle says. "They were saying it because the physical contact was entirely different from what you have now. You had 33-man squads. Teams couldn't afford injuries. Players didn't throw their bodies around like they do now, particularly on defense. I looked at some old Ram movies the other day and saw the classic stiff-arm, the nice, clean tackle around the legs. Nowadays defensive guys come at you like this..." and Rozelle rises up out of his chair and snaps off a very wicked-looking forearm.

"Speed, size, specialization, their own coaches, pride in their units—all that changed the whole concept of defense. By 1977 defense controlled the game. Scoring was lower than it had been in 35 years. We had to do something, so we changed the rules. The purists didn't like it. Some coaches didn't. It represented a management point of view."

Dallas Coach Tom Landry is a purist. He spent years working on a flex defense that would shut down all the gaps, control all the lanes. The fans didn't know from



In the future, the 23rd man on the gridiron may be the process server

flexes. They called it Doomsday. Then Landry set to work figuring out how to beat his flex. The answer: constant motion, a changing spectrum of sets and formations—anything to create indecision, confusion. It was a chess game, a labor of the cerebrum, but then along came the rulemakers to make it easy for people who couldn't figure out such things on their own.

In 1977 they took away the defensive lineman's head slap. They gave each pass defender just one bump on a receiver. Those things weren't enough. O.K., the defenses said, we're allowed only one bump per man, so we'll bump the receiver with a lot of different guys. The 3-4 defense created a pocket line of big, mean linebackers, each one more than willing to take a guy's head off as he came across the field. Passing stats hit a four-year low. Rushing stats were off 4½%. And scoring was the lowest since the war years. Sammy Baugh and leather helmets.

The trouble was that the NFL didn't know how to legislate against the talents of the defensive people. The offense had no counterpart to the 6' 6", 250-pound defensive end who can run a 4.7-40. Athletically, he was just too good. He was uncontrollable. There was no antidote for the 230-pound linebacker with 4.6 speed and a nasty disposition. And, worst of all, most of the inventive thinking of the last 15 years had been applied to defense, the 3-4 being the major innovation.

It was clear the offenses couldn't do it on their own. They needed help, and in 1978 the rulemakers came up with the big one. A defender could chuck a receiver once within five yards of the line of scrimmage, they said, but that was it. After that he was free and easy. No one else could take a shot at him. And to make sure the officials would spot violators of the new rule, the officiating crews were increased from six men to seven. And to make sure the quarterback had time to find that receiver, the blocking rules were more sharply defined. Offensive linemen would be allowed to extend their arms and lock their elbows and open their hands (and sometimes close them). The big push-off had arrived. The era of strong fingers. Candy stores showed heavy sales in hard rubber balls—finger conditioners.

The offensive coaches blinked twice, rubbed their eyes and still didn't believe



The AFC keeps making hamburger of the NFC, winning 26 of 35 games

what they saw. Can it really be? The Super Bowl convinced them. Chuck Noll had the Steelers open it up on the Cowboys. By halftime Terry Bradshaw had passed for 253 yards. "Heck, I'd only thrown for that much twice before in my life," Bradshaw says, "and those were whole games." When it was over, he had passed for a career high of 318, and the Steelers had scored 35 points. NFL coaches digested what they saw in Miami and then pulled the cork this season.

"The offenses have now gotten to where the owners wanted to get them," Landry says, sadly. "It's gotten to where you can't play pass defense against a Lynn Swann or a Tony Hill or a John Stallworth. Who can cover them without touching them? Football should be innovative. Changes should come only through evolution. But when you try to change the nature of the game through the rules, you're defeating it. Rules should be changed for one purpose—to protect the athlete from things he can't overcome with his skills. Eliminating the illegal pick, eliminating the chop block in which a back drifts outside and then cracks in on a pass rusher from the blind side, those are sensible changes. But just

to say, 'We want more passing in the game, so let's change the rules,' well, I don't believe in that.

"If they would have interpreted the rules right in the first place, if they would have penalized those defensive men who strangled a receiver when he got downfield, they wouldn't have had to make these changes. But it's a lot easier just to change a rule."

But, Tom, your own general manager, Tex Schramm, was on the Competition Committee that put in these rules.

"I know it, and he probably likes them," Landry says. "But he's management oriented. I'm talking from a football standpoint."

A mid-season survey showed that in 1979 pass plays of 20 or more yards had increased by 26.6% over 1977 and that there had been 31.5% more 40-plus-yarders. Passing offense was up 12.4% over '78 and 22.8% over '77. Scoring is up 10% over '78 and 15% over '77.

After 10 weeks, wide receivers ranked first (San Francisco's Freddy Solomon), second (Minnesota's Ahmad Rashad) and tied for third (Pittsburgh's Stallworth) among pass catchers. The last time a wide receiver won the pass-catch-

continued

ing title was in 1973 (Philadelphia's Harold Carmichael).

At one time a 300-yard passing day by a quarterback was synonymous with losing. Last year, after 10 weeks, there had been eight 300-plus-yard games, but only one had been a winning effort. This year the numbers were 25 300-yard-plus passing games and 12 winning efforts. Not long ago a team that didn't run more than it passed was doomed; this year, 8-3 San Diego (53.4% pass plays) and 7-4 Cleveland (50.9%) have done more passing than running.

"Teams used to do that by necessity, because they couldn't run the ball," says Browns Coach Sam Rutigliano. "But with us, I assure you it's by design. Hey, a guy can run a crossing pattern now until he gets free, and nobody can touch him."

For the type of defensive back who specializes in dealing out physical punishment, such as Dallas Free Safety Cliff Harris, the new rules are a nightmare. "In the old days you'd make a receiver feel he was lucky to catch a pass," Harris says. "They'd run their routes cautiously. Now they're loose. You can see it in their eyes. They feel they're the intimidators downfield. I think the whole concept of these rule changes is wrong. Do the fans really like this kind of football better? I'm not so sure. Owners shouldn't be the judges of what fans like to see. You can't tell me that fans like a 55-22 game better than a good defensive battle. People are going to get bored. What kind of ratings does pro basketball have on TV? What were the things in the past that the fans really identified with? I'll tell you. It was our Doomsday Defense, the Purple People Eaters in Minnesota, the Steel Curtain in Pittsburgh, Bronco-mania in Denver. All of them were keyed on the defense. How many offenses have nicknames?"

Harris may be right, because TV ratings have not gone up the way scoring has. After 10 games ABC's *Monday Night Football* had a Nielsen rating of 18.8, compared with last year's 21.2; the overall decline in viewers is about 11%. The ABC specials on Sunday and Thursday nights have dropped from 19.2 to 18.4. NBC had an 11.7 rating after 10 weeks,

up only fractionally from 11.6 last year, and CBS had a 13.5, the same as in '78. Oddly enough, when the game was at its offensive low point in 1977, when nobody could score points and the owners were fearing a return to the Ice Age, each network earned a higher rating than it did in 1978—and also a rating higher than that projected for 1979.

But there's another factor at work here. The excitement caused by the liberalized pass-catch rules can't hide a very discouraging fact about the NFL. It's a two-caste society. In interconference games the AFC has beaten the NFC 26-10, but, even worse, except for Dallas all the action teams are in the American Conference.

The graying of pro football has a subtler aspect. Standardization. Even cheerleaders have become standardized. "I hate the uniformity," says the Steelers' Swann. "Each position has its required uniform numbers. After Rushad retires, no wide receiver will ever have No. 28. When Kenny Burroughs leaves, there'll be no more double 0. Just numbers in the 80s. All the tackles will be 76 or 77, the centers will all be 52 or 53."

He sighs. "What if you're just a naturally born No. 22?"

"I long for the old days, for the classic battles between offensive tackle and defensive end," says Philadelphia Defen-

sive End Claude Humphrey. "You'll never see them again. They're gone. You can't butt or head-slap. The offensive linemen can grab you and shove you off. The only time you can get a sack now is off a stunt, or if the offensive tackle makes a mistake and blows an assignment, or if he falls down. And even then he can push you in the back and send you past the quarterback. The way the rules are now, the person who's gonna win is the one with the longest arms."

The new rules have done one undeniably good thing, though. They've made the game safer. Backs can't chop pass rushers from the blind side anymore. ("Yeah, but the tight ends still do it," Humphrey says.) There's no more blocking below the waist on punt and kickoff returns. The quick-sack whistle means no more grabbing the quarterback and shaking him like a rag doll and no more teasing him up for someone else. Or at least not as much.

Bert Jones and Gary Danielson might not believe it, but the injury rate on quarterbacks is down. Last year there were 32 occasions when a team's No. 1 quarterback was hurt and couldn't start; this year the number is down to 24. At least one team orthopedist, Dr. James Nicholas of the Jets, thinks that everyone in the game is healthier. "The quarterbacks have fewer injuries because of the rules," he says. "Other players are protected because of the use of more sophisticated braces and equipment. In past years you couldn't get a man to wear something like the flak jacket Dan Pastorini wears. Everyone wanted to strip off as much equipment as he could to make himself lighter. Now he accepts it."

And then there are the lawyers. Last month the Supreme Court ruled that former Bronco Safety Dale Hackbart had every right to sue Fullback Boobie Clark, then with the Bengals, now an Oiler, for striking him "negligently and recklessly" while he was in the end zone in a 1973 game. The suit is for \$500,000. Cheap-shooters beware. It could cost big money.

O.K., on to what's ahead. We are 11 weeks into the 16-week season, and what do we see out there? Well, no great sleeper



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FROM THE TRUCK DIVISION OF JEEP CORPORATION

team, unless you count Tampa Bay, which I don't. It's too soon to pick an All-Pro quarterback. Too many of them are getting too hot too often. There's no defensive end who can touch the Blues' Lee Roy Selmon. Plays the run and plays the pass, that's what I like. The Browns' Jerry Sherk was playing the best defensive tackle in the league until he had his knee operated on last week. The Chargers' defensive tackle, Wilbur Young, leaves an unholy trail of bodies when he decides to come full tilt. There might be someone better, but I haven't seen a tight end as good as the Eagles' Keith Krepfle. When are they going to vote him into the Pro Bowl? Or the Jets' offensive guard, Randy Rasmussen? He's the No. 1 NFL player who has never been picked for anything. No linebacker has made as many big plays in crucial situations as the Giants' Harry Carson, and I haven't seen Dallas' left guard, Herbert Scott, play a bad game in the last two years.

With Swann playing semi-hurt, Stallworth, Seattle's Steve Largent and San Diego's John Jefferson seem to be the class among receivers, but the toughest guy to cover one-on-one is the Broncos' Rick Upchurch. How do you choose two All-Pro runners from among the trio of Chicago's Walter Payton, Houston's Earl Campbell and St. Louis' Otis Anderson? Bet the pickers chicken out and select all three.

Thorny question: Why doesn't any team use the pass-lateral? Throw to the tight end, who then pitches back to a trailer. I've seen it about three times in the last 20 years, each time for big yardage. Another one: On third-and-20, why run a draw play for five yards instead of quick-kicking? Lots of quarterbacks can punt. I saw Terry Bradshaw hanging them up for 4.7 and 4.8 seconds in practice one day.

Thorniest question: Why do teams still use that prevent defense? Give me the teams that rush four people and even blitz in the last two minutes. "The prevent defense is the slow suicide," says former Giant Coach Alvin Sherman. "It's death by torture—especially with these new passing rules."

But so many teams use it. Take Atlanta vs. Seattle on Monday night two weeks ago. The Seahawks were the ultimate gamblers, risking four whacked-out offensive maneuvers that paid off

Carr's last two minutes and they went numb. Used the prevent, and the Falcons picked up 108 yards and seven points and almost won the game.

It happened to the Steelers in Super Bowls X and XIII. In X they gave the Cowboys 103 yards and seven points in the last 2:54. In XIII Staubach hit them for 137 yards and 14 points in the last 6:51. Why? Why do it?

"Damned if I know," Perles says. "I guess we wanted to start celebrating seven minutes early."

And now a prediction for Super Bowl XIV on Jan. 20, 1980 in the Rose Bowl. The two teams—and you can hold me to this—will be the ones that are healthiest down the stretch. The NFL is a survival contest. Any of four or five teams could make it, the two that are least injured will survive.

Not good enough? You want names? In the NFC the Eagles and Redskins will play in the wild-card game. A dogfight. Can't pick the winner, but they—call them the Eagleskins—will beat Tampa Bay the following week and find themselves in the NFC championship game facing—Dallas, who else? The Cowboys will get there by beating L.A. in the first round in an atypically high-scoring game for these two teams, but that's the new rules for you Cowboys will then beat Eagleskins.

Playoff time will find the AFC showering the world with sparks. Nine teams will have winning records, and the last weekend will be crucial for five of them. The papers will be full of possible playoff combinations. The *Boston Globe* will run a centerfold pullout chart explaining the whole thing, and two typesetters will become so disoriented they'll wander into the wrong houses that night. The Chargers, Patriots and Steelers will win division titles. The Broncos will huddle the Oilers in the wild-card playoff. Oilers will win, but then lose the following week in San Diego, while the Steelers are knocking off the Patriots. San Diego-Pittsburgh for the AFC title will be one of the classic playoff battles, featuring 600 yards' worth of passing and a stunning Charger upset.

The Chargers will have one more upset under their belts—and beat the Cowboys in Super Bowl XIV. Don't go out and book any bets, but if it happens, remember, you read it here first. **END**

Texas A&M Running Back-Sprinter Curtis Dickey must decide between signing with the pros and training for the Olympics

THE DICKEY DILEMMA

by SAM MOSES

Here's what Curtis Dickey has seen in his life: for his first 18 years there was dirt poverty, as he grew up with his five brothers in the poor, black section of Bryan, Texas. His father died when he was 19. His mother "worked all along." He was an introverted youngster, whose shyness was made more acute by a slight speech impediment, but he was big and strong and fast and smart at football, and there was no defiance in his eyes. So it was inevitable that one day he would be in great demand by college football recruiters. They offered Dickey all the things recruiters offer big and strong and fast and compliant high school running backs, especially the ones rich in all those prized qualities. Dickey was considered the No. 1 high school prospect in the country in 1976. But he was a hometown boy, and his hometown had treated him well, so he turned away all the recruiters from far-off, glamorous schools. He wasn't even curious enough to accept invitations to visit such places as USC, or perhaps he didn't feel secure about venturing outside of Bryan.

Dickey enrolled at Texas A&M, the Hometown U. five miles from where he had grown up. No sooner had he enrolled than he became the star at a school so crazy about football that 26,000 of the 31,000 students buy season tickets. In his freshman year only 100 of those students were, like Dickey, black, and a fair number of them were athletes on scholarship, a situation that did little to alleviate Dickey's social insularity. But that didn't matter too much, because his life was centered around football anyhow—except for those few times when he joined the track team as a sprinter. He was a natural at that, too; he won the NCAA indoor sprint title this year and last and finished second in the 100 at the 1978 outdoor championships. He was working toward a diploma in physical education—though he will leave A&M next spring a few credit hours shy of earning

his degree, not an unusual occurrence among pressed-for-time college football players—and he was well liked and he had nice clothes and a nice car and a little gold necklace that said *SL FIERSTAR*. And a couple of close friends, other black football players. All he had to do to keep all those good things was to do what he was told, which he did very well.

So after 18 years of a boyhood narrowed by poverty and after nearly four years of a young adulthood sheltered in the college football system, Dickey became the second-best career rusher in Southwest Conference history (3,658 yards). Only Texas' Earl Campbell, to whom Dickey is often likened, had more (4,443). And Dickey accomplished this despite carrying the ball considerably fewer times than Campbell did. His number of rushes has been curtailed by persistent injuries, though he often played when hurt, which pleased his coaches and demonstrated once more how much character he has.

In a few months Dickey may be training to sprint in the Olympics. Then again, he may not. In April he will be drafted by the NFL; and he'll be picked early—probably first among the runners—because he is big and strong and fast and smart about football and has character. And it figures that Dickey will get along fine in the world of pro football, where there will always be someone to give him the direction he takes so well. He will make a lot of money and contribute to the success of a pro franchise.

But then, but then, Dickey might get injured, maybe slightly a lot of times or severely one time. That would make pro-

ple lose interest in directing him. He'd find himself in the real world for the first time since his football talent was spotted. He'd find himself pedaling fast, maybe not even in a straight line, because self-direction would be fairly new to him. If he is as naturally street-smart as he is football-smart, everything would work out all right. But if he isn't...

Merrill Green, Dickey's high school coach, has watched him as long and as closely as anyone. "When he was a sophomore—this is how brilliant we were—we didn't put Curtis on the varsity at first because we didn't think he wanted to play," says Green, who at one time or another also coached coaches Barry Switzer of Oklahoma, Fred Akers of Texas and Tom Wilson, Dickey's mentor at A&M. "He was so introverted we thought he was indifferent. He didn't seem to care. He certainly didn't jump out at you. But then one night he gained more than 300 yards in a junior varsity game, which kind of woke us up."

"Soon we realized that not only could he run with a natural ability, but also that he had a natural sense for football and was very smart about plays and things. And all the time he was here he did everything we asked him. Everything. Sometimes when you have that super an athlete, you have a tiger by the tail attitude-wise. But Curtis did all we asked him and more, almost to a fault. He seemed to miss some of the outside world. I wouldn't say he was socially backward but I think his awareness of the outside world could have been developed more. If he only knew how great he really is, there's no telling what he could become."

Dickey is much less introverted today than he used to be, people say, and in fact doesn't really seem shy. *continued*

A back brace covers one of many Dickey injuries, despite which he is second in SWC career rushing



The quietness he affects because of his stutter tends to mislead, to make him seem more timid than he is. He is quick to laugh—a high-pitched cackle that appears incongruous coming from his muscular 6'1", 205-pound body—and he's relaxed around people. He was elected one of A&M's four captains by his teammates. Wilson, his coach, sees leadership qualities in him. "As a captain, I have to be a leader," says Dickey. "In case the team be dyin', I have to go around, hit them on the head, be jokin' with them."

Unexpectedly, the Aggies have been dying quite a lot this year, and it has been a disappointing season for Dickey as well. He was considered Heisman material before the season started, but injuries have all but eliminated him as a candidate. Texas A&M was considered a threat for the Southwest Conference title, but the Aggies are 4-4 so far, with Arkansas and Texas remaining on the schedule. They have not been playing poorly—they clobbered Penn State 27-14 in their best showing so far—but untimely mistakes have cost them dearly: a one-point loss to undefeated and 11th-ranked Brigham Young when an A&M punt was blocked in the last minute and BYU took advantage of the break to score a touchdown and a two-point conversion; another one-point loss, to Texas Tech, when a blocked punt led to a field goal; and a tough defeat at the hands of then unbeaten and sixth-ranked Houston on a touchdown with 15 seconds remaining.

The A&M offense is designed around Dickey, its tailback. When he took over midway through the 1978 season, Wilson immediately junked the Aggies' wishbone in favor of the I formation to take advantage of Dickey's running. And Dickey has taken advantage of the I, rushing for 808 yards in 161 carries this year despite his injuries. The pro scouts remain very hot for him, Heisman or no, infirmities or no.

"Curtis is the kind of player who makes your eyes light up every time he touches the football," says George Haffner, the A&M offensive coordinator. Haffner coached Tony Donsett at Pitt, so he knows whereof he speaks. "He has the same type of speed or better than Donsett has. Curtis isn't as evasive as

Tony, but he's in a class by himself in his explosiveness. And when the pro scouts ask about Curtis—which is often—I tell them he's got stuff inside of him, too. I think he's a winner."

"I don't have any doubt Dickey will be drafted in the first round," says Gil Brandt, vice-president of personnel development for the NFL Cowboys. "I feel he will be the first back taken—and that includes [Billy] Sims and the bunch. You don't find big, strong running backs as smart as Dickey every day of the week. There are no negatives... outside of the fact that he may not play when he's slightly injured." Here Brandt lowers his voice ominously, as if the general subject is somehow unspeakable.

"That's the one question pro scouts ask most about him," says Wilson. "It's evident they are concerned about it. But even with his injuries, Curtis has managed to play well. He has proven this year that he can play with a little pain."

The question of a little pain is not a little question. This season alone, a little pain to Dickey has meant: a bruised shoulder before the season even began, which caused him to miss two weeks of practice; a lower back bruise in the Aggies' opener, the result of a butting tackle, which slowed him for the next game at Baylor; a dislocated thumb against Memphis State, which limited him to five carries against Texas Tech



After scant sprint training, Dickey was second in the '78 NCAA 100, which left him with glowing Olympic prospects

the following week; a twisted back sustained in a wrestling class in the week before the Rice game; and another bish to the back in A&M's otherwise easy 47-14 win over SMU the next week, which caused him to spend most of the game on the sidelines. In all, Dickey has missed seven quarters of action and played at less than full effectiveness in a lot of others. The consensus is, however, that he gets injured no more than any hard-running back. Still...

There is a locker-room scene in the movie *North Dallas Forty* in which a coach accuses a flanker of lacking character, because he is reluctant to take a shot to numb the pain of a pulled hamstring—which would enable him to play. "You can't make it in this league if you don't know the difference between pain and injury," the coach screams at the player. Dickey didn't particularly care for the movie. Yet he didn't doubt the truth of the situation—that pro football has a narrow definition of injury.

"It happens to everybody," says Dickey, sounding a little bit nervous and a little bit defensive. "Even the pros have injuries, you know. It just happens. They're unpredictable." It is suggested to him that he has had more than his share. "Well, maybe when you're a cannonball like me, it





happens more, I try to go around them, but I can't always."

Injuries aren't the only thing Dickey thinks about when he weighs his future. There are the Olympics. Dickey is the fastest man in college football, having run 60 yards in 6.15 seconds, which is what Haffner refers to when he says there is no one in Dickey's class when it comes to explosiveness. His best 100-meter time is 10.11, which he attained in finishing second to Clancy Edwards in the NCAA outdoor finals. That clocking is about one-tenth of a second off gold-medal time, and Dickey's track coaches are confident he has that tenth in him. They say that he has never trained as a sprinter, that track has always taken a backseat to football, that each year he goes directly from spring football practice into the middle of the track season, that he has always been a sprinter with a football player's muscles. In the spring of 1978, they point out with incredulity, Dickey played a full scrimmage on a Friday, gaining over 100 yards, and on Saturday won the 100-meter dash in the Texas Relays. This coming spring Dickey hopes to be able to devote his full attention to track, because his college football career will have ended.

"Being in football shape and being in track shape are two different things," he says. "Last spring I got some pulled muscles from trying to get in track shape too fast. Those other sprinters, they run track all year round. Ain't no way I'll beat them. I remember last year when I ran the 100-yard dash I was tired at the finish—dead tired, breathing hard. Those other

guys acted as if they'd never run. I know I could get in that kind of shape if I had to. I feel like with time to train I could hang in there with the best of them."

"I really would like to try for the Olympics," he adds softly and about as passionately as he seems to get about anything. "It's one of those once-in-a-lifetime things I look forward to it." He stops and thinks for a second, as if he had just convinced himself to go for it. "Yeah," he says with quiet conviction, nodding his head. "Yeah."

Dickey opens the fortune cookie on the table of the restaurant where he has just finished dinner. It is a Japanese steak house in Bryan, and Dickey has never been there before. The fortune cookie says, "You will always get what you want through your charm and personality." Dickey smiles. He crumples the tiny ribbon of paper in his big hands and puts it in an ashtray, but then retrieves it and sticks it in his shirt pocket. "I better hold on to this," he says with a smile.

One hopes for Dickey's—and America's—sake that the fortune cookie's prophecy comes true. It would be nice if he could charm whatever pro team that drafts him into letting him give the Olympics his best shot. It would mean delaying all contract-signing and reporting to football practice late and not in running-back shape; it would also mean risking a hamstring or some other injury. Dickey will represent a major financial investment for a pro team, and if it is a losing team—a strong possibility because he will be selected so early in

the draft—he may mean a lot more to it than his salary.

When he is asked if the Olympics are important enough to him that he would take a stand over them, would announce to his pro coaches that he intends to try to make the Olympic team with or without their approval, Dickey hesitates. He just doesn't know, he says. He's never thought about it. The thought of doing what he wants to do, against the wishes of his coaches, is foreign to him. But imagine this scenario, which is not all that far-fetched: Dickey gets drafted and it is made clear to him the team values him more as a healthy running back than as a gold medalist. Dickey proves his character to the team by doing what it wants him to do. But he gets injured in his first season and never develops into the rugged nuder he's expected to become. Whatever he does from that day on he will do without the memory of that "once-in-a-lifetime thing," representing his country, his hometown—which means so much to him—in the Olympics.

"The NFL is very image-conscious," says Brandt. "I really don't think any team would risk bad publicity by refusing Curtis the chance to run in the Olympics."

True, but it is unlikely that the matter will ever become the subject of public debate. If his team doesn't want Dickey to run, it would be suggested quietly to him that he lose interest in the Olympics. And Dickey takes direction well.

"I think anybody who's got a talent like Curtis does should make the most of it," says Wilson. "I'd like to see him run in the Olympics. Anyone who's seen him run would like to see him do it."

Wilson is asked: If you were the coach of, say, the Cowboys and had just drafted Dickey, would you allow him to run in the Olympics? He laughs. "Probably not," he replies. "That's a different thing altogether."

At this moment, more than Dickey's body is vulnerable. So is his future. He has never really had to determine it for himself; that has been done for him by men who have been fond of him and meant him well, but who had neither the time nor the background to fully prepare Dickey to make the decisions he has ahead of him. There will be similar men in the pros, but the stakes will be very much higher than ever before. The real world will be another step closer. **END**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART SHAY

Kealey can play it straight, but if you'd rather, he'll beat you using an undersized racquet, a frying pan or even a sneaker

Heads turn as he strolls out of the winter night and into the racquetball club. A muscular 6-footer, he is clad in a pair of purple moon boots, dungarees, a flannel shirt that looks slept in and gray plastic headphones. But he wears no other protection against the subzero cold outside, in fact, he looks like someone who has become immune to the cold through years of constant outdoor exposure—a bulldozer operator, perhaps. But the rubber bands around his ankles and the flashlight strapped to his upper left arm betray the fact that he just got off a bicycle, not a Caterpillar. And when he removes the headphones to unleash a mop of blond spaghetti-like curls, all present are treated to a blast of Rod Stewart. Steve Keeley has arrived.

Who would take this character to be a pioneer of modern racquetball, the eighth-highest all-time money winner in the National Racquetball Club, a two-time national singles racquetball runner-up, a live-time national singles paddleball champion and the feature of tonight's racquetball exhibition in Okemos, Mich.?

Before the evening is over, there would be no doubt about how good he is. Having changed into his Converse high-tops, nylon shorts and a T-shirt lettered $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$ (the formula for sucrose), Keeley first amuses the crowd in a match with the current Miss World—he plays her hopping about on one leg, using a tennis shoe as a racquet—and amazes it by thrashing a succession of local racquetball aces, methodically picking up their weakknees and then employing a strong backhand and a pinpoint kill shot to cash in on every mistake. But in the end it is his defense—meticulous, impossible to penetrate—that certifies Keeley as a champion to the folks who have come to watch him.

In its brief history, racquetball has had its share of talented oddballs. Bill Schmidtke, national champ in 1971 and 1974, was such a country boy that it was said he contracted the bends whenever the pro tour stopped in a town with a population of more than 1,000. But on the court Schmidtke was a shark. Then there is Charlie Brumfield, who looks a

bit like fellow Californian Charles Manson and gave up a law career to lead a cult of heart-warming, semicrazed followers known as Brum's Bums. Along the way, Brumfield won five national titles. And then there is Keeley, who is something different altogether.

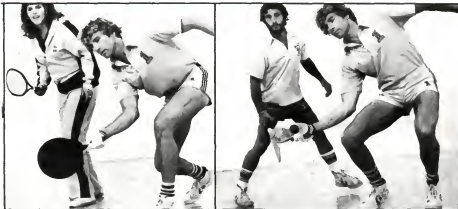
Many pro athletes are part-time eccentrics. Keeley is a full-time eccentric, who's a part-time pro athlete. After earning his veterinary degree from Michigan State seven years ago, he abandoned that profession to become a racquetball bum in the sport's sunny mecca, San Diego. So far, so normal.

But Keeley wasn't just another bum. He zipped through the racquetball ranks to become one of the top two players in the country. "I think the guy was the most talented player in that era," says Brumfield, who was Keeley's nemesis in the mid-'70s, when he beat Keeley in the national finals so many times.

But Keeley's on-court accomplishments were overshadowed by his off-court eccentricities. He preferred sensationally austere housing, he loved offbeat adventures, and he insisted on indulging his rather bizarre sense of humor. "With Keeley, you've just got to expect anything," says Marty Hugin. CONTINUED

Steve Keeley may only be near the top of racquetball rankings but he's unmatched in general zaniness, especially off the court **by TIMOTHY YOST**

HE FOUND HIS RACQUET





Home for Keeley and his five dogs is this stately garage

the defending national champion, who shared a house in La Jolla, Calif., with Keeley three years ago. During that period, Keeley, among other things, shaved his head, slept in a closet, raised tarantulas and once boiled a dog on the kitchen stove because he needed its skeleton for his veterinary endeavors. "I wouldn't say he's weird," Hogan hastens to add. "but a lot of the things that he does sure are."

Keeley's exploits in just the past five years say something of his approach to life. A few highlights:

- In 1974, he made a 2,400-mile solo bicycle trip from San Diego to Lansing, Mich. in 24 days, including a two-day layover at St. Louis to play in the International Racquetball Association pro nationals.
- In 1975, carrying a 40-pound backpack, he set out to walk the 1,050-mile length of the Baja Peninsula. He covered

90 and miles before being forced to turn around for lack of water.

- In 1976, he ran in his first marathon—his time was a respectable 3:42—and hunted tarantulas in the Rockies. "I had an eight-unit 'Tarantula Hotel' that I kept them in," he says. He also aborted a summer bicycle trip from Vancouver, B.C. to South America while some 200 miles deep in the Baja. "I was miserably hot and I couldn't stand listening to the Mexican music on my headphones anymore," he recalls.

- In 1977, wearing a Bozo the Clown haircut, Keeley traversed the country hitting all the major tournament sites in his customized Chevy van. Accompanying him on this 90-day, 6,000-mile jaunt was his seven-foot stuffed rabbit, Fillmore J. Hare, who rode shotgun.

- And last year, in sweltering July heat, he bicycled the 230 miles from Charlevoix, Mich. to Lansing in less than 24 hours to win a \$5 bet, which, he says, "I still can't remember if I ever collected."

In 1977, just as racquetball was finally coming into its own, Keeley pulled out of San Diego, forsaking the four-walled promised land for a garage in the sleepy whistle-stop of Haslett, Mich., eight miles northeast of his alma mater in East Lansing. A few pro players thought Keeley's departure indicated that he'd lost interest in the game; his slow-paced control style was being stymied by the wide-open power game popularized by his housemate Hogan and others.

In fact, Keeley retreated to the wooded shores of tiny Lake Lansing to further his career as racquetball's preeminent Bohemian. His literary efforts had begun back in San Diego, where he was a frequent contributor to various racquet magazines hungry for how-to's from the pros. In 1976, he consolidated his theories and, without the aid of a ghostwriter, produced a thorough, if chatty, instructional book aimed at novices to intermediates. Today, *The Complete Book of Racquetball* has muscled its way to the top of an expanding heap of racquetball literature by selling more than 75,000 copies.

One day last month Keeley tripped his body of published works by releasing, simultaneously, two new books: *It's a Racquet!*, the first collection of racquetball's anecdotes in print, and *The Kill & Retall Gang*, 96 pages of cartoons involving assorted Doonesburyesque racquetball characters. Note that Keeley released these books. For not only is Keeley a Top Ten racquetball pro, a doctor of veterinary medicine and a best-selling author, but he is also president of Service Press Inc. of Haslett, Mich., the only publishing house in the nation run out of an unheated garage.

"Beyond the motivation to get a larger piece of the pie for myself, I decided to publish my own books to satisfy my urge to undertake new and different projects," Keeley says. "I just like to experience life in different ways, and to do this I have a lot of little goals, little projects. Like my goal of publishing two books on the same day. I read once where Tom Wolfe had done that. It sounded weird, so I decided to go ahead and do it, too."

Let anyone get the idea that Keeley is running a vanity press, he quickly points out that he has a timetable for writing, publishing and releasing another dozen instructional books, ranging in subjects from conditioning to advanced strategy to gamesmanship.

Keeley entered his first national championship in Salt Lake City in 1971, a time when hardly anyone believed that racquetball, then a fledgling sister of handball and paddleball, would ever get out of the nest. Keeley was one of the non-believers. Playing on two sprained ankles, he lost in the round of 16 and hobbled back to Michigan State to resume both his veterinary studies and his reign as national paddleball champion.

Then Brumfield showed up. Fresh from having surrendered his paddleball title to Keeley six months earlier, Brumfield came to East Lansing in the summer of 1971 to hone his racquetball game against his rival. Every day the two took to the handball courts at MSU's Men's Intramural Building for a punishing three hours of workouts. The result was the birth of modern racquetball. "Charlie and I got the game down to a science," Keeley says. "We invented the Z-ball and the around-the-wall ball. It took other players six months to figure out where those shoes were coming from when we hit them during matches."

continued

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Source: comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: FTC Report May 1978. Of All
Brands Sold: Lowest tar, 0.5 mg. 'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette.
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"At that point in his career, Steve was the best offensive player there ever was," says Brumfield. "He could kill the ball from any position on the court with a high degree of accuracy. The shots that we worked on were really reactions to his offensive advantage over me."

Keeley's style of play changed radically a couple of years ago with the advent of the fast modern ball. To handle the up-and-coming power hitters, he adopted a defensive game that relies on controlled strokes and percentage shots of somewhat less than some speed. "Keeley's wumpy kill travels so slow to the front, I can autograph the ball as it floats by," says Hogan, the game's premier power player. "Steve's style is the purest on the tour. When he's playing tough, he can beat anybody."

But many racquetball aficionados believe that Keeley's decision to concentrate on defense has made it almost impossible for him to win big matches. Brumfield is sure of it. "Steve decided somewhere along the line that he couldn't win playing offense," Brumfield says, "but nowadays offense is the game. If he went back to his former style, he'd be eight, nine points tougher."

Keeley claims that he voluntarily sacrificed his offensive game to gain more time for other pursuits. Brumfield doesn't buy that. His opinion is that "Steve became frustrated and lost interest in the game because I always stood between him and his goal of being the best racquetball player. Behind all that smoke and guess about originality and unique life-style lies someone who is afraid of failure."

If Keeley is indeed afraid of failure, he doesn't slow down long enough to realize it. An efficiency nut, he organizes his every waking hour to accomplish as many of his "weird projects" as possible. Charlie Drake, president of Leach Industries, the racquet manufacturer who has sponsored Keeley since 1971, witnessed Keeley efficiency firsthand when Keeley and Hogan were living with Drake in La Jolla. "Steve's very meticulous about notes," Drake says. "He's likely to have a matchbook cover in his pocket with 15 things to do written on it, ranging anywhere from writing a book to making sure the bathroom door is locked. As he goes through those things, he checks each one off, treating each with the same importance."

One item still on whatever list Keeley

is carrying around now has to do with sleep. Keeley hates it. A night owl—he seldom hits the sack before 4 a.m.—he goes to bed in his clothes to avoid wasting valuable time undressing and dressing. He also practices sleep-learning—a tape recorder near his bed comes on at intervals throughout the night admonishing him not to hit forehand shots cross-court—and recently he consulted a hypnotist to see if he could cut down on his shut-eye. "Eight hours sleep a night is a waste of time," he complains. "I'm utilizing my time to the utmost, except for sleeping eight hours a night, eight little slices of death. I wouldn't change

pien, who also happens to own a pipe company, heard about this and offered to fix me up with some of the big six-footers. He even said I could have little pipes branching off from the main pipe—one to type on, one for each of my dogs, et cetera. He was serious! But I didn't take him up on it, because I have paradise right here in my garage."

Paradise for Keeley is a 12' x 18' unattached one-car structure located in the backyard of an aging wood-frame house, one of seven rental properties he has bought with his racquetball earnings. Five doghouses crowd the garage's "foyer," one for each of the canines that share



Keeley enters his office, which is on a brand's porch, through a window because the door is blocked.

my life in all, except to sleep less."

Keeley's preferences when it comes to housing have long been a source of astonishment to his friends. He is slightly photophobic, which accounts for his fondness for the dark. He also likes it cold, frostbite, he seems to believe, is healthy. Before settling in his dark, cold garage in Michigan, he toyed with the idea of living in a tree house, a cave and even a sewer pipe.

"My pipe dream has always been to live in a pipe," he says. "Vic Niederhoffer, the former national squash cham-

the dwelling, an Irish setter, a German shepherd, a mutt known as Twerp, and two not-so-small Doberman puppies named Corn and Flake. Beyond the foyer is a cramped area containing a heated water bed—the sole source of warmth in the garage—an air conditioner that runs constantly in the summer and shelves holding such memorabilia as embalmed tarantulas, rubber mice and gag false teeth. There's also a makeshift office, where Keeley does his writing and conducts his real estate and book-publishing businesses.

(continued)

The place definitely lacks a woman's touch. "Oh, sure, I date now and then," says Haslett's most eligible bachelor. "And I go to bars and parties, though I don't drink and I never stay more than an hour. Any longer than that, I'm wasting time." Marriage is out, for now. "Too static," he says.

Keeley insists it is his life-style, rather than his love of letters, that prompts him to write. "I like it dark and quiet, and I like it cold," he says. "My garage is double-insulated and double-walled, and there are no windows, so there's no noise, no light, and it's cold. It's between 48° and 58° in the winter. I usually stay up late, and there's nothing else to do in a garage in the middle of the night when it's cold except to write. The only problem I have is when it gets below 50°, my typewriter doesn't work."

As a student at Parkside High in Jackson, Mich., Keeley stood out neither as an athlete nor as a writer. A shy, skinny kid, he struggled through three years on the wrestling squad before he had a winning season. As a senior, he was fifth man on the junior varsity cross-country team. He wasn't good enough to make the tennis team. He did manage to become sports editor of the *Parkside Heritage*, but his writing was memorable only to his parents.

"I was a jock of all trades, but master of none," he remembers. "The only things I was really good at were chess and rinky-dink sports such as walking-the-fence and numbletypeg—things that had a gimmick and that required individual effort to figure out."

At Michigan State he found his niche. Just a year after picking up his first paddle in 1969, he fought his way to the top of State's legion of hard-playing paddleball enthusiasts, shaping his game in his own individualistic way without help from a coach or teammates. Three-hour-a-day workouts produced his first national paddleball championship in 1971. He subsequently won the title in '73, '74, '76 and '77.

After graduating from vet school in December 1972,

Keeley migrated to San Diego with the idea of playing a little racquetball while he prepared for the California veterinary boards in June. But by the time he passed the exams, on his first try, he was so busy playing tournaments in which the prize money had reached triple figures, giving lessons and hustling matches a la Bobby Riggs that he decided to forget being a vet for a while and concentrate on racquetball.

His parents were understandably distressed. "My initial reaction was negative," says Keeley's father. "I thought he had an investment, as we did in veterinary medicine, not only in money but in effort. I was frankly disappointed." Keeley's mother, who still supplies him with plastic containers filled with homemade coverlets that he sentimentally calls Mamma Keeley's Glop, has more readily accepted her son's decision. "He was in a mold, and he stepped out of it," she says. "He was a normal, shy youngster who just grew up. He was always rather creative, inventive—kind of a dreamer."

When not on the road fulfilling a hectic tournament and promotional schedule—Keeley is part owner of National Racquetball Clinics Inc., a San Diego-based agency that books pros for club openings and clinics—he bicycles eight miles every weeknight, no matter what

the weather, to keep a standing 11:30 p.m. chess rendezvous at the America's Cup, one of Lisa Lamving's more genial watering holes. While at the Cup recently, he quaffed his usual one or two Diet Pepsis and played an hour of furious five-minute chess matches with his favorite opponent, Bob Baldori. As they played, Keeley ruminated on the similarities between chess and racquetball, often referring to the latter as "chess in a box" or "sweaty chess."

Later, back in the relatively snug confines of his 52 garage—the wind-chill registered —30 outside—he expounded on his love of chess, racquetball and life. "Each chess game is like a life," he said, working his way through a steaming plate of Glop. "We play a lot of five-minute games instead of one long game, because it's like living that many more lives. There's reincarnation right there on the board. Of course, the same thing happens in racquetball when somebody reaches 21 points. You just regroup and start a new life."

"It doesn't concern me that some people think I may have hurt my chances for a national championship when I changed my game. It was something that happened naturally. I couldn't practice five hours a day forever. It was time to diversify. There are no ultimate goals. When I make my million I'll probably

give it away and start all over because that goal will have been accomplished. Besides, it would just tie me down and I'd go nuts if I couldn't go on an adventure at least once a year. I still want to hop a freight train across the country, and sometime I want to be dropped off with no money in the middle of a strange city just to see how I'd survive. You should never be afraid to try something new. This all sounds kinda weird, doesn't it?"

Feeling warm in the chilly room, Keeley slipped off his moon boots and suddenly shot his feet into the air, displaying a pair of hand-knitted wool socks recently sent by his mother. One was pink, the other blue. "You see," he said, laughing as he laced his feet. "Mamma Keeley understands!" **PH**

Keeley's companion on a 6,000-mile tour was seven-foot Fibonacci J. Haro.



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Second system of a musical score, measures 11-20. The score is written for four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music features various notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first staff has a 'ff' marking below measure 11. The second staff has a 'ff' marking below measure 11. The third staff has a 'ff' marking below measure 11. The fourth staff has a 'ff' marking below measure 11. The score is decorated with colorful watercolor illustrations of landscapes, including trees, hills, and a sunset.

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Praise the Lord and pass

California's Rich Campbell, first in the nation in percentage of completions and a Campus Crusader for Christ, is the latest leader of the Bears' passing parade

There must some something in the air around San Francisco Bay that stimulates quarterbacks—at least college quarterbacks. Nearly every fall in that area there are more footballs flying around than sea gulls. Frankie Albert, Jim Plunkett, Guy Benjamin, Steve Dils and a few dozen others have flung for Stanford. Dan Pastorini played for Santa Clara. But nowhere do air-traffic controllers get dizzier than in Berkeley, where the University of California has produced Joe Kapp, Craig Morton, the late Joe Roth and Steve Bartkowski. And now there is a new Golden Bear with a golden arm: Rich Campbell.

Campbell is a big junior for the Bears in more than one way. He is just a bit under 6' 5", weighs 215 pounds and can float the ball into his fullback's hands out in the flat, drill it into a receiver's navel at 30 yards or throw it clear out of the stadium. Through 10 games this season he has connected on 193 of 289 passes—an impressive 66.8% completion ratio—for 2,304 yards. No wonder that a die-hard fan of the 5-3 Bears says, "Why don't we forget all the fancy stuff and just throw the thing?"

Cal's coaching staff seems to agree. The playbook consists of Campbell throwing short, Campbell throwing medium long and a fullback draw. Campbell throwing long, a sizable section, has been sealed temporarily because injuries have knocked down wide receivers Floyd Eddings (a reinjured knee) and Holden Smith (a bone spur), both greyhound-fast when healthy. There are good receivers left, to be sure, particularly junior Matt Bouza, who is now ranked sixth in the country, averaging 5.1 catches a game. Campbell's next-favorite targets are senior fullback Paul Jones and senior Joe Rose, who have had 3.8 and 3.3 receptions a game, respectively.

There is no telling how good Campbell's stats would be if Cal's attack had more diversity. Not only is there little in the way of a deep pass-catching threat, but the Bears are weak at tailback, too, because freshman John Tuggle is still learning the position.

In five of the Bears' 10 games, Camp-

bell's arm has been good enough to win. Campbell's brain isn't too bad, either. Cal's coaches send in all the plays, but Campbell is free to change the calls at the line of scrimmage. In the opener at Arizona State, he called 15 audibles, which resulted in 11 pass completions and a 17-9 upset victory.

"Rich knew going into that game that they were going to blitz us," said Cal's offensive coordinator, Al Saunders, "and he changed plays at the line of scrimmage and picked 'em apart throwing the ball."

Cal won at Arizona the following week, and if Heisman Trophy votes were taken only in that state, he'd be a cinch winner. In the two games, he hit 45 of 56 passes for 471 yards

and an 80.4 completion percentage.

He has cooled down only slightly since. He threw the winning touchdown pass against San Jose State with 47 seconds left on the clock. And he hit 16 of 23 in a one-point loss to UCLA and 21 of 35 as Cal was edged by Washington, 28-24, two weeks ago. Then in last week's 45-13 defeat of Washington State, Campbell connected on 7 of 11—he played mostly in the first and third quarters—to break Cal's career completion (355) and yardage (4,501) records that had been held by Craig Morton.

"He's a good athlete," says Cal Coach Roger Theder. "He could run if he had to, but we don't do that with him. And the kid is tremendously physical. He bench-presses about 325-335 pounds. So

continued



In an exercise session at a weekday practice, Campbell limbers up while plugging away at a chew

he's got all the tools that you look for in a player."

Even his feet come in for praise.

"One thing he's really developed here in the last year, I think, is his ability to move," says Saunders. "He can adjust his body, enabling him to throw on balance in almost any situation. We've worked extremely hard on that."

Campbell's soul seems to be in prime condition, too, for he is an ardent member of the *Campus Crusade for Christ* and gives the Lord all the credit for his arm, brain, feet and other finely tuned parts. He is majoring in religious studies. But lest he be thought of as too good to be real, there is one serious flaw in his otherwise blameless character.

Rich Campbell chews tobacco. Buys a pack every Thursday.

During practice, when there's no danger of getting sacked and swallowing a plug, he can be seen lifting his face guard up a bit and spitting ugly brown tobacco juice on the turf.

Several other Bears chew (and spit), including Theder, who has never had a cigarette in his mouth but finds that chewing relaxes him.

Campbell is engaged to be married in June to Janice Lombardo, a student at nearby Hayward State and also a *Campus Crusader*. She is not thrilled by her fiancé's habit. "It just doesn't look very nice at all," she says, "but my mother's the one who goes a little wild. She saw it once. Rich and my next-door neighbor got together and they were sitting watching a game on TV with my father, and they were chewing."

"I think what really grossed my mom out was that they were spitting into two of her mugs."

Campbell lived in various places around the world—Guam, Florida, San Diego—before he went to high school in San Jose. His coach there was Chon Gallegos, once a star quarterback at San Jose State and the national passing leader in 1961. Earlier, as an assistant coach at Lick High in San Jose, Gallegos had helped develop Jim Plunkett.

After hearing recruiting pitches from several colleges, Campbell narrowed his choices down to two long-playing aerial circuses, Stanford and Cal. When he finally decided on Cal, his father put up a dust. Berkeley's image as a haven for hippies and other radicals did not sit well with a man who had spent 21 years in the Navy. But finally he gave in

and Rich signed up to be a Golden Bear.

Mike White was Cal's head coach at the time, and Campbell remembers White saying he "wanted to work me in slowly at the beginning of the season and then start me by the fifth game." Well, Campbell not only didn't start as a freshman, he got in for only 12 plays all season, and they all came in a 52-3 stomping of San Jose State. But for those 12 plays, Campbell would be a sophomore in eligibility this season.

"I'd stretch before workouts and then I'd just stand around for two hours," Campbell recalls. "I went through a whole season getting worse. That's what bothered me. It wasn't so much that I didn't start or that I didn't play at all—I didn't even get to practice!"

Strange, but at the school where the atom was first split and where future lawyers are taught to find subatomic loopholes, a pro-size quarterback went unnoticed on the football sideline.

In late 1977 White was fired and replaced by one of his assistants, Theder, who has started Campbell ever since. In Rich's debut as a soph, against Nebraska, he threw two TD passes. And to show he wasn't just a passing fancy, after his second game, a 17 for 23 performance against Georgia Tech, he was named to UPI's Backfield of the Week.

His All-America chances evaporated, however, when Cal was chewed up by UCLA, 45-0, on national TV. In that game, Campbell fired five passes to Bruins instead of Bears.

"It would take quite a nightmare to make something worse than that UCLA game," he says. "I've never even dreamed anything that bad."

"I did lose some confidence. Up to that game I really believed in myself. After that, I began questioning how good I really was."

There's no question in anybody's mind now. This season Campbell has thrown only 10 interceptions, despite averaging more than 29 passes a game.

Theder says, "I put Rich in the Bartkowski-Roth class. Joe didn't have the arm that Rich has, wasn't as physical. Bart didn't it all as far as the arm strength—I don't know if there'll be another one like him—but he didn't have quite the great feet."

"Rich is smoother than any of 'em we've ever had." The best thing, however, might be that Cal has him for another year.

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDWEST It was no surprise that Mark Herrmann hit on four of six passes during a 65-yard drive to Purdue's first touchdown against Michigan. What did surprise the Wolverines was that Herrmann ran for only his second touchdown in three seasons and that reserve Running Back Ben McCall rallied on runs of two and nine yards. Unexpected, too, was a rugged Boilermaker defense that held Michigan, a team that had been rushing for an average of 275 yards a game, to only 99 yards on the ground. But the biggest surprise of all was the final score: Purdue 24, Michigan 21.

Asked how his Iowa team held Ohio State to 185 yards rushing, Coach Hayden Fry said, "Easy. The secret was to give them the ball real close to our goal line so they wouldn't have far to go." The Hawkeyes did, indeed, do that, losing five fumbles and five interceptions. "Then at the end, our own fullback bucked into our punter, and maybe you think that isn't a kick in the rear," Fry added. Thus the Buckeyes won 34-7 and were alone at the top of the Big Ten.

Turnovers—eight of them—also did in Kansas State. But Nebraska also had trouble, losing five fumbles before taking the Big Eight contest 21-12. An interception and a 60-yard return by Lawrence Cole gave Nebraska a 7-6 halftime lead, but the rest of the Husker offense consisted mainly of two 15-yard scoring drives after Wildcat fumbles.

For the fourth week in a row, Oklahoma scored 38 points, smothering Kansas this time, 38-0. It was 10-0 at halftime, but then Billy Sims scored his 21st touchdown of the season and the rout was on.

Oklahoma State trailed 20-0 entering the fourth period, and 20-14 with 3:52 to play when Colorado Coach Chuck Fairbanks decided to try for a first down on fourth-and-a-foot at his own 39. The Cowboys stopped that cold and went on to win 21-20.

"It was like tackling had been declared illegal for the afternoon," Delaware Coach Tubby Raymond said after a 51-45 win over Youngstown (Ohio) State. The Blue Hens had trailed 31-7 at halftime in this matchup of teams tied for first in the Division II ratings. But then Delaware poured across four touchdowns in 8:42 of the third period, and Ed Wood scored from a yard out with 24 seconds left to negate 264 yards rushing by Robby Robson of the Penguins.

A 37-14 win over Eastern Michigan helped Central Michigan clinch the MAC title.

1. NEBRASKA (9-0)
2. OKLAHOMA (8-1) 3. OHIO STATE (10-0)

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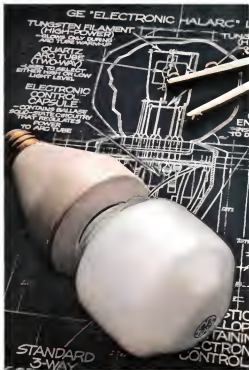
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EAST Hold it. That's exactly what Pittsburgh and West Virginia had trouble doing, the Panthers losing five of seven fumbles and having a pass stolen, the Mountaineers losing one of three fumbles and having five passes intercepted. In between miscues, Pitt built a 10-3 lead after three periods and held on for a 24-17 win in which freshman Dan Marino passed for 232 yards.

Navy's defense against the run, which had been the fifth best in the nation with an average yield of 95 yards a game, was left in tatters by Syracuse. The Drangemen, 30-14 victors, rushed for 334 yards, Joe Morris gaining 159 and Quarterback Bill Hurley 144.

Alcorn's Zips were zapped by Temple 42-6. Brian Broome of the Owls played only the first half, in which he passed for 148 yards and two touchdowns and ran for 54 yards and another six-pointer.

Yale and Penn kept their perfect records intact, the Elis sewing up first place in the Ivy League and remaining unbeaten by trouncing Princeton 35-10, and the Quakers staying winless as they were downed by Harvard 41-26. Dartmouth beat Brown 24-10, and Cornell handed Columbia a 24-7 setback.

It was Knight-time when Rutgers' Scarlet ones met Army's Black variety. For the first time in 12 games and 88 years, Rutgers beat the Cadets, winning 20-0.

1. PITTSBURGH (8-1)

2. TEMPLE (10-1) 3. PENN STATE (6-3)

WEST This was it, Washington, which had fought back from a 17-3 third-quarter deficit to USC only to fall behind again, 24-17 in the fourth, had a first down at the Trojan two with 4:00 left to play. The Huskies picked up one yard on first down, lost a total of nine in their next three ones, and USC held on to win and assure itself of a Rose Bowl berth. It was Tom Flick who kept rallying Washington with 18-for-28 passing, good for 245 yards and one TD—and by plugging one yard for another score.

In another scratch-and-meramble contest, UCLA trimmed Arizona State 31-28. Freeman McNeil gained 142 yards for the Bruins, who rushed for a total of 237 yards against the Sun Devil defense that had been the Pac 10's toughest against the run. Freshman Thomas Ramsey rallied UCLA, coming off the bench to complete a 63-yard touchdown pass play to Jolo Townsell and scoring on a 10-yard run to turn a 13-10 deficit into a 24-13 lead. Mark Malone, who had 28 completions in 51 tries for 365 yards, put State back on top 28-24 with 1:03 left. A final comeback was then engineered by Ramsey, who took the Bruins 75 yards and tallied on a one-yard sneak with nine seconds remaining.

Oregon shocked Stanford 16-7, rolling up 352 yards on the ground. Dwight Robertson, who scored on a 48-yard run, gained 138 of those yards for the Ducks.

Arizona, which had only 22 turnovers this season, coughed up the ball eight times during a 42-10 loss at San Diego State in which Tony Allen of the Aztecs rumpled for 151 yards. Brigham Young led 24-6 at the half at Long Beach State, and won 31-17 as Marc Wilson passed for 316 yards and three touchdowns with a 24-for-39 performance.

1. USC (9-0-1)

2. BYU (9-0) 3. WASHINGTON (7-3)

SOUTH It was a game that might have been labeled *Saturday Night Nor So Live*. Despite running for 252 yards and converting 10 of 18 third-down situations against a pitched-together Louisiana State defense, Alabama bogged down when near the goal line. The Tide, which had been averaging 37.6 points a game, pulled out a 3-0 SEC victory when Alan McElroy booted a 27-yard field goal midway through the third period. It was Coach Bear Bryant's 100th win in the past 10 seasons, a modern record.

It took three years, but Tennessee Fullback Hubert Simpson may finally have regained the starting job he had in 1976. Simpson, the Vol's strongest inside runner but an indifferent performer during practice, tore through Notre Dame for 117 yards and four touchdowns during a 40-18 upset. Tennessee stuck to the ground for 352 yards, while the Irish gained 321 yards through the air.

Auburn's vulnerable defense, which had given up an average of 28 points a game, plugged its leaks in a 14-3 victory over Mississippi State. The leading plumber was Linebacker Freddie Smith, who was in on 22 tackles and blocked a field-goal attempt. A 66-yard scoring run late in the fourth quarter by James Brooks sealed the win.

Georgia kept its SEC title hopes alive by beating Florida 33-10. Kentucky stopped Vanderbilt 29-10, and outsider Tulane walloped Mississippi 49-15.

"I started Wally to nickel-and-dime 'em to death," Florida State Coach Bobby Bowden explained. Wally Woodham did precisely that, flicking five-yard passes here, 10-yard passes there and hitting on 15 of 29 tries for 145 yards as the Seminoles beat South Carolina 27-7. Also cashing in for State was Dave Cappelletti, who kicked four field goals, one a 50-yarder. Most of the Gamecock offense was generated by George Rogers, who rushed for 186 yards, 80 on a TD run.

Field goals settled three games involving ACC teams. North Carolina State appeared to have pulled out a 7-6 victory over Penn State in an out-of-conference encounter. Scott Smith scoring from two yards out with 1:18 left. Smith had kept that drive going with a 31-yard pass on fourth-and-nine. But the Nittany Lions retaliated swiftly. Dayle Tate passing 36 yards to Terry Rakowsky on fourth-and-24 from the Penn State 27 with 20 seconds to go. Herb Menhardt, who ear-

lier had kicked field goals of 38 and 37 yards, then boomed a 54-yarder off the right upright and across the bar as time ran out. That 9-7 triumph assured Penn State its 41st straight non-lossing season, an NCAA mark.

Wake Forest tied its record for most wins in a season, stopping Duke 17-14 for its eighth victory. James McDougall rushed for 213 yards and two touchdowns, but it took a 22-yard field goal by Frank Harnsseh with 17 seconds left for Wake to win. Four three-pointers by Dred Anin helped earn Clemson a 19-10 decision over North Carolina.

With Theron McClendon carrying 46 times for 212 yards and three touchdowns, unbeaten McNeese (La.) State drubbed Louisiana Tech 41-7 and clinched the Southland title.

1. ALABAMA (9-0)

2. FLORIDA STATE (9-0) 3. AUBURN (7-2)

SOUTHWEST "We don't turn on the lights for visiting teams unless there's a \$400 deposit," Texas Coach Fred Akers was told when his Longhorns went to the Astrodome for a Friday workout before taking on Houston. So Akers shelled out \$400 and the lights went on. The next day, Texas turned out the Cougars' lights, ending their unbeaten season 21-13 by forcing four turnovers and blocking two punts. Ronnie Little of the Longhorns scored on runs of five and 15 yards, the latter the clincher with 1:25 left.

"Exquisite technicians," that's what Baylor Coach Grant Teaff called Arkansas early in the week. The Razorbacks were anything but exquisite during the first 38 minutes

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Charles White ran for 243 yards as USC beat Washington 24-17, giving him 1,609 yards for the season—the best in the nation—and moving him up to second on the NCAA's all-time list with 5,404 career yards.

DEFENSE: Bill Kay, a 6'2", 183-pound junior cornerback for Purdue, intercepted three passes, recovered a fumble, made three solo tackles and also helped out on three others as the Boilermakers shocked Michigan 24-21.

against the Bears, trailing 17-0. During the last 22 minutes, though, the Hoops proved Teaff to be correct as they turned three turnovers into 17 points, scored on a bomb and added a safety. The big play in Arkansas' 29-20 comeback win came when Robert Farrell hauled in a pass from Kevin Scanlon and turned it into a 60-yard touchdown with 3:22 to go. All of which left Houston, Texas and Arkansas tied for first in the SWC.

1. TEXAS (7-1)

2. HOUSTON (38-1) 3. ARKANSAS (8-1)

A LOCAL GAME FOR THE LOCALS ONLY



AFTER THE POWER FAILURE, WTPA IN HARRISBURG SHOWED ALL

ABC bought one of the wagons of its weekly football television circus to Lebanon Valley College (student pop. 950) in Annville, Pa., 20 miles east of Harrisburg, last Saturday, and it was, said the Lebanon Valley football people, "the biggest thing that's ever happened here." Visions of the entire nation watching the traditional NCAA Division III clash between Lebanon Valley and 30-miles-down-the-Amish-country-road Franklin & Marshall faded when word seeped out that this was only one of 10 games being televised, that it would be broadcast only by Harrisburg's WTPA (Ch. 27).

Still, it was the big time, and a Lebanon Valley senior exulted. "What a way to close out a career." Some F&M students made plans for stay-at-home football TV parties, announcing, "We can always go to an away game, but you can't always see one of our games on TV."

ABC was in Lebanon Valley because, according to its contract with the NCAA, it must televise three Division III games during the regular season. But if ABC was obliged to televise the small fry, it could protect its ratings push by putting on such games in relatively small TV markets. Thus, the designation of the Harrisburg station, which rated 199th in viewing audience among ABC's 212 affiliates and reached 0.58% of the national TV audience. The major colleges split \$533,000 for appearing in a nationally televised

game and \$401,000 for a regional game; Division II schools split \$30,000 for an appearance, and Division III schools get \$7,500 each.

But sometimes there are other rewards. When Little Sewanee (Tennessee) had no structure that would accommodate ABC's cameras last year, unit manager Steve Israel built a press box that cost the school only \$2,000. While the memory of that telecast rocedes at Sewanee, the press box still stands. Once, planning to do a traditional Little

Three game—Amherst at Williams—ABC ran into a turnaround from Amherst. The Lordly Jeffs were uncomfortable about acquiescing to such ABC needs as changing the time of the game, they feared that ABC, so accustomed to big-time flamboyance, might not quite capture the leisurely spirit of a green and leafy New England fall football afternoon.

ABC came to Lebanon Valley's open Arnold Field, nestled in the rolling meadows of central Pennsylvania's rich farming country, with a two-camera set-up. A national telecast might require nine cameras, with a crew of 70, and cost \$120,000 to produce. The two-camera set-up involves a foray by some 30 people, with production costs of about \$30,000.

Two cameras impose limitations on the scope of a telecast, but not on the aims of young production people. "In my opinion this is the No. 1 game," said director Bob Lanning, 29, New York Tech '72, at the production meeting, voicing the philosophy of Ken Wolfe, 26, Harvard '74, who was on his first producing assignment. The play-by-play announcer was Don Tellefson, 27, a Stanford man and sportscaster on ABC's Philadelphia affiliate WTVI. It was his first play-by-play assignment. And the analyst was John Dockery, 35, Harvard '66. Jets Super Bowl '69 Dockery spent Thursday at F&M and Friday at Lebanon Valley, probing coaches and players to an extent that might have awed the national game analysts.

By air time Saturday, nine ABCers and the two cameras were pitched onto a 25-foot-long, plastic-enclosed platform that had been jury-built atop the two-level wooden press box the day before. When they reached the rain-soaked game site, they had learned that their single slow-motion line was busted and that they would have to use a tape machine that was not as effective.

Now, in the midst of the opening comments by Tellefson and Dockery, they noticed that their monitor was providing not their game, but the Minnesota at Michigan State telecast. The first filled-with-terror hope was that they were tuned to another ABC station in the vicinity, but then came a battery ofirate phone calls to the ABC truck from irate viewers in the area. Some feverish calls finally located the problem, an errant telephone company switch somewhere along the Annville-Washington, D.C.-Harrisburg relay. By the time the proper switch had been made, 28 minutes of the telecast had been lost.

Once on line, the crew settled down to a smart professional effort. "Not as many replays as a big telecast," said Dave Binkley, F&M '65, "but it looked pretty good." Binkley, a Harrisburg regular at F&M games, had solved his problem of whether to go to the game or stay home and watch it on TV by taking a TV set to the game with him.

Tellefson and Dockery brought enthusiasm without condescension to the Division III action. "These players won't go on to make the pros," Tellefson said, "but some will go into high school coaching, and in that way affect hundreds of high school players." Dockery provided color sidelights and Xs and Os with the best of them. "I asked the F&M coaches how they would defend themselves and they said they would let the quarterback [Rob Sheperdson] run because he was not a good runner."

Though a 7-0 loser, Lebanon Valley seized the day forever by taping the telecast for the school archives—for recruiting purposes and alumni gatherings. The hosts declined the ABC offer of a copy of the control truck feed, preferring to have what was seen on the air itself. One of them said, "We want to have the image that comes from being seen along with the national commercials." **END**

A close-up photograph of a man with a mustache, wearing a light-colored cowboy hat and a dark leather vest over an orange shirt. He is holding a lit cigarette in his mouth and a lasso in his hands. The background is a blurred outdoor setting.

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**The more you take, the more
you give.**



Southern Methodist's soccer coach, Jim Benedek, couldn't find the keys to one of the two team vans. An hour before SMU's game with the University of Texas last Saturday, he was standing in a motel parking lot in Austin, slapping his pockets.

"You've got them," he yelled to Assistant Coach Micky Ashmore.

"You drove, Jim," Ashmore hollered back.

"Oh, God, here we go again," sighed a player as he and his teammates climbed out of the van. Benedek looked at the sky and sighed, too. "Why can't this team do anything smooth?" he asked.

Smooth, no. Successful, yes. At the start of the season, the NCAA's soccer powers might have been forgiven for wondering "SM Who?" Before long, they had the answer. Ranked third nationally for a good part of the season, the Mustangs had compiled a 14-1-1 record, the best in the NCAA's powerful Midwest region, going into their final regular game last week. Along the way, they had upped second-ranked Indiana and Seattle Pacific University. Their van keys eventually turned up (they were in the other van), and Benedek's men got past Texas 3-2. So, smooth as a train wreck, the Mustangs were bound for postseason play for the first time in the five-year history of soccer at the school.

"I think they'll do very well in the playoffs," said Indiana Coach Jerry Yeagley. "They're physical but clean. When you play them you know by the bruises that you've been in a game. And that damn defensive style of theirs tears down opponents psychologically."

When Hungarian-born Jim Benedek took the reins at SMU in 1974—he had played at Ithaca College and spent four years with the North American Soccer League's Dallas Tornado—soccer was a club sport without varsity standing. Players dressed an hour before games and then helped set up portable stands on SMU's soccer pitch, the outfield of the baseball diamond.

In his first year, Benedek's Mustangs managed to knock off a couple of pretty good teams. They have improved stead-

ily ever since. Last year, with a 14-1-1 record, they almost made the playoffs.

Most of the team comes from the Dallas area, not heretofore known as one of the hotbeds of American soccer. "This is the land of Dusk Walker and Kyle Rote—I mean Kyle Rote Sr., the football player. This is Dallas Cowboy turf," says Benedek, a compact, excitable man whose Hungarian accent gets stronger as he becomes emotional. "But the Dallas Tornado started promoting youth soccer in 1970, and now there are 300,000 kids playing the game here. I only have three scholarships, how can I recruit out of town?"

Benedek's team includes three Iranians, a Scotsman and a Mexican, but 14 of the Mustangs are Big D products. And no one is more purely Texas than the team's only superstar, All-America Goalkeeper Randy Phillips. A toothpick-chewing, 6' 1", ramboned redhead, Phillips had a superb .55 goals-against average and logged 10 shutouts in the 17-game season.

"I'm not exactly a 'good ole boy,'" the 20-year-old junior draws. "But I'm sure 'nuff Texan. Heck, a lot of us on the team went to the same high school, W. T. White, right there in Dallas."

Phillips has marvelous reflexes and delivers a drumfire of advice to his defenders. He should have a good shot at the pros, says Yeagley. "He shut us out. The only one this year. I can't believe it." Adds Seattle Pacific Coach Cliff McGrath, "I'd like to tie Phillips up somewhere until his eligibility has run out. But he's one of the best keepers I've seen in college soccer." Phillips gets his hair cut every

year whether he needs it or not and prefers fishing for bass and shooting quail to the fraternity beer blast. But like his fellow Mustangs, he is a certified Frisbee freak.

The Mustangs play Frisbee anywhere they happen to be: in airports, buses, vans, hallways, rooms and showers. Even the Iranians have managed to master the two-wall carom, the ceiling-floor skip, the air-bounce and the dreaded sidearm thumb toss. But you would be wrong to think that they're a nice bunch of guys

continued

'Going for the big arteries'

That's how Goalie Randy Phillips and his rugged SMU team vaulted upward



Against the Longhorns, Phillips had a lot more trouble than he expected

left over from some flower-power revival. The Mustangs like to kick huts and take names.

"I don't think we're very physical," says Scots Forward Dave Williamson "But you must let the other lads know you're there, mustn't you?"

"Every team is playing harder soccer this year," says Benedek. "The level of play is so far up in the NCAA over last year that more professional touches, like physical play, are everywhere. We're part of a trend."

Says Phillips, "Well, if some guy hits me, I'm not going to turn the other cheek. I'm going to go for the big arteries."

Capitalizing on their strength with hip and elbow, the Mustangs play a brand of soccer that frustrates and sometimes enrages opponents. Working from a 4-3-3 formation, they defend to the death.

"Most college soccer teams are taught to win the ball at midfield," says Benedek. "They gallop like horses. We let them have it. Why exhaust yourself? And then they turn, see 20 open yards and think they're in heaven. Then they see our defensive wall. Ha! Surprise, guys!"

Using three backs and a sweeper, SMU packs its goal area, forcing opponents to bring up more midfielders to attack.

"We've developed a fast break," says Benedek, "where our backs clear out to our forwards, who try to slip behind the other defense. Then they're shorthanded back there and we can score."

The SMU now-you-see-it-now-you-don't style of play, plus that physicality, has sometimes caused Mustang opponents to go slightly berserk. In an SMU game earlier last week with Midwest rival Southern Illinois University-Edwardsville—a perennial soccer power, ranked fourth this season—the score was deadlocked 1-1 after two overtimes. There followed a brawl.

Someone slugged someone, and someone retaliated. A bench-clearing melee resulted, with fans included. The affair is reported to be under NCAA scrutiny.

"Some dude hit me," says Phillips with a smile, "so I grabbed a piece of chin and hit it."

"I never want to go back to Edwardsville," says Benedek. "My God, it was like a riot in Europe. Can you imagine? The crowd, all those nice moms and dads, were throwing their drinks on me and cursing. I never heard such language! It was like Roller Derby."

Although Texas plays club soccer,

lacking NCAA status, last Saturday's game was critical for SMU. Texas is a member of the Southwest Conference, and a convincing win would help secure a bye for the Mustangs in the first round of the playoffs. More important, the bye would give the Mustangs the home-field advantage in the second round, when they would probably face the winner of the SIU-St. Louis University match. Those teams are strong at home.

Indignant after getting a look at the field they would be playing on against Texas—a rock-hard patch of dirt tufted with clear-saring little hillocks of long



Benedek discovered the right key just in time.

grass—the Mustangs were further annoyed when they discovered they had been stuffed into a tiny locker room in the Longhorns' multimillion-dollar athletic center. The room was about large enough for a Ping-Pong game. The final straw was no towels. Phillips scratched his head. "They're being unfriendly," he said. "They need a lesson."

But missing their star sweeper, Iranian Said Baghvandani, and two other regulars because of injuries, SMU came close to blowing Saturday's game. Under a sky that threatened icy rain and in temperatures that hovered in the low 40s, the Mustangs seemed aimless as play began. They tripped on the grass and

slipped on the hardpan. They did manage to produce two quick goals, both by their scoring ace, Forward Jeff Culver. But awed by that achievement, or exhausted by it, they wallowed around before the tiny but vocal hometown crowd of 100 or so souls who hadn't gone off to Houston for the football game. Late in the first half, two Longhorns went up with Phillips for a crossing shot, collided heavily with him, knocked the ball loose from his arms and watched it roll across the line.

The SMU defense was in disarray at the second half began, and a blistering 30-yard shot by Dallas-born Longhorn Defender Jim Palmer arced high and fast through the arms of a screened Phillips.

Tied with Texas. The disgust was plain on Phillips' face. They won't give you towels! SMU's soccer budget is so pinched that players sleep four to a double room on the road; a lot of students don't even know SMU has a soccer team; you're third in the nation and nobody cares. It was all too much.

But then, SMU began to gather steam. Phillips made a dazzling save, flipping his body quickly sideways to stop a shot from 15 feet. With 10 minutes left in the game Culver neatly faked the Texas keeper to register a hat trick.

As time ran out and Texas pressed desperately to tie, Phillips again gathered in a cross. Coming down, he was shoved hard by a Longhorn player. Phillips elbowed him out of the way. The Texas player fell down, and SMU's Tony Mungoli may or may not have kicked him on purpose. It depended on your point of view.

Both coaches came onto the field to conduct loud negotiations with the referee. A frustrated Longhorn player shoved Benedek. Several Texas fans joined the caucus, as did SMU's assistant, Ashmore.

But Benedek has become expert at talking to opposition fans, and the scene finally drained of tension. The game ended with frayed tempers but with SMU clinging to victory.

"The pressure's off for a little while," sighed Benedek, watching his players use their warmup suits to dry off in the locker room.

Next year, with only Mungoli graduating, Phillips and the Frisbee gang will undoubtedly be there, keeping the ball rolling, though it may take some funny bounces now and then.

END

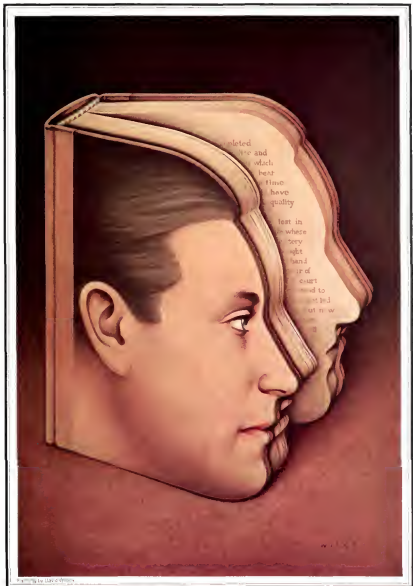
A vibrant, painterly illustration of a group of young adults and a dog playing a game on a lawn in autumn. The scene is filled with fallen leaves in shades of orange, red, and yellow. In the background, there's a house with a porch and trees with colorful foliage. A young man in a white shirt with a red polka-dot design is in the foreground, leaning forward. Behind him, a woman in a red plaid shirt and a man in a white and black patterned sweater are also engaged in the game. A dog is sitting in the center, looking up. A woman in a red hat and a man in a straw hat are also visible. The overall mood is festive and carefree.

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This is a major question concerning many of the world's leading lawmakers today. And with advancing technology, it will become even more of an issue in the future.

Futurist David Goodman believes that ours could become "the most snooped-on society in history" unless we take steps to prevent it.

The issue of personal privacy is a very complex one.

First of all, there is no commonly accepted definition of privacy.

Is privacy "the right to be let alone"? Or is it "the right of the individual to determine when, how, and to what extent there should be a disclosure of information about himself"?

To dramatize how difficult it is to find an appropriate definition, after two years of study and debate a government commission called The Privacy Protection Study Commission finally concluded that *privacy* was not even a good label for many of the issues they were considering, and settled, for lack of a better term, on "fair informational practices."

Many legislators understand that while personal privacy must be meaningfully protected, restrictions on the gathering and analysis of personal data could seriously hamper our society's ability to make important decisions.

As our society becomes more complex, we need to rely on the accurate large-scale gathering and analysis of information to help us with rational decision-making about important public issues like allocation of resources, housing and food supply and health care needs.

Accurate information gathering would also be invaluable in such critical personal decisions as choice of careers, habitats—even mates.

Obviously, information will be one of our most important products in the future. Already, one job in two in the U.S. is related to the handling of information.

The Privacy Protection Study Commission has recommended that Congress establish an independent Federal Privacy Board within the government to protect personal privacy in The Age of Information, with its omnidirectional microphones, its lasers, its incredible data banks, etc.

Obviously, there are legitimate needs on both sides of the privacy issue. What we now do about the use of personal information can have a profound effect on our future. It's something to think about.

But if you'd like to do more than just think about it, write to:

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They're a long-running hit

In a little over three years California's Sue and Pete Petersen have raced in more than 40 marathons, and Sue at 35 has become a world-class competitor

The rest of the country is hardly walking, much less running, when Sue and Pete Petersen hit the streets of Laguna Beach, Calif. on a mission of born-again health and family unity. Every morning they are out there jogging 12 miles or so through deserted streets, America's most notable running couple, waging the foot soldier's battle against fatty tissue and outdated thinking.

It was only a little over three years ago that the Petersens looked at their slightly jellied midsections and went for a leisurely jog on the beach. A short time later they ran their first marathon and discovered the joy of ignoring pain from blisters and cramps. They have not stopped since. They're husband and wife evangelists for the running boom who have competed side by side in 43 marathons. They believe in the maxim: the couple that runs together stays together. For \$2.50 you can buy a poster of them embracing at the finish line.

To be a TV star named Farrah and have a poster of yourself is not such an accomplishment, but it is something else for a couple that lives just off Main Street and worries about the kids' teeth. Pete is a 39-year-old third grade teacher. Sue is a 35-year-old housewife whose previous athletic achievement was shaking a cheerleader's pom-pom.

Sue is the star. She is the AAU women's national champion and has won 23 marathons, including eight of her last 11. Admittedly, she is not in the class of Norway's Grete Waitz, the world's top woman long-distance runner, but then Sue is not in the Norwegian's age group, either. Waitz, 26, won the New York City Marathon in October with a world-record time of 2:27:33. Sue Petersen is nine years older, and her best time is 2:42:32. That ranks her among the world's top 10 women marathoners. Her achievements help refute the anachronistic attitude that women cannot compete in long-distance running. One of the reasons Sue runs is to further the campaign to include her

sport in the 1984 Olympics. If a homemaker, former cheerleader and mother of three children can become one of the world's best long-distance runners in less than three years, with little more damage than an occasional blister, then it is time to change the rules.

This fall Sue has run for women's rights all over the globe. On Sept. 22 she raced in the Avon International Marathon in Waldruel, West Germany. In October she finished seventh in the New York City Marathon. The race in Germany was a women-only event and thus the first full marathon in which she competed without Pete alongside. "It had to happen sometime," says Pete. "She's not

getting any younger, but she is getting better. She should go now while she still can perform."

The only other time that the pair was separated in marathon competition occurred in early 1977, at Santa Monica, when they still were new to the sport. They were racing together, and near the end of the 24th mile Pete got a stitch in his side and slowed. He told Sue to keep going. She hesitated. The scene was right out of *Casablanca*: Bogart and Bergman at the airport.

"I'm not going to leave you," Sue said to her husband.

"Go on," ordered Pete. "Get going." She pulled ahead. For the *continued*



After their customary pre-dawn workout, Sue and Pete frolic in the surf off Laguna Beach.



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ROAD RACING continued

last two miles tears ran down her face.

Most nights the Petersens are asleep by 9 p.m., and during the winter months they are up at 4:30 for their morning run, chasing the elusive six-minute mile. Their dream is to work together someday as physical-fitness consultants to corporation executives. To prepare for that eventuality, Sue is back in college, studying toward a bachelor's degree in physical education at Cal State-Long Beach. Her professors treat her like a celebrity.

Even though they share an affinity for the academic world, the Petersens seem an odd sports couple. Sue was an athletic klutz when she was growing up in the town of Torrington, Conn., Pete was a sprinter good enough to earn a track scholarship to one of the country's top college programs, at San Jose State. Actually, their friends do not find it strange that they took up long-distance running relatively late. Marathoning requires nothing so much as dedication, and the Petersens can be compulsive about their beliefs, as Sue's mother discovered when her daughter and son-in-law waged a campaign to get her to stop smoking. They would sneak up to her driveway at 5 a.m. and insert antismoking literature in her newspaper. While she was away on a trip, the Petersens papered her home with posters depicting the horrors of cigarettes. She quit. She had to. She knew they wouldn't.

Because they approach running primarily as fun, however, the Petersens' training and racing schedule is a bit odd. They enjoy training, so they do a lot of it, and they enjoy racing, so they do quite a bit of that also. Pete says that no woman in history has run as many quality marathons as Sue has in as short a time. When she started, people assured her that at her age she could never expect to achieve a time of 2:45. Last year, within a span of three months, she bettered 2:45 three times.

Before the Petersens began running, Sue led a pleasant but unexciting life exchanging recipes and getting a suntan at the beach. She had made the transition from high school cheerleader to Orange County housewife—from sis-boom to the blahs. At first, she thought running would be a bore. Pete had not run since his college days, but one afternoon at Laguna Beach he suggested they try a little jog down by the water. They finished feeling exhilarated.

"You know," said Pete. "Someday be-

fore I die, I'd like to run a marathon."

"You're kidding," said Sue. She did not have an exact idea of how long a marathon was. "Oh well," she said. "I'm going to do it with you."

In their first marathon, never before having run farther than three miles, Sue turned to Pete at the 10-mile mark and said smugly, "This is a piece of cake." A few miles later the cake had crumbled. Sue was in agony. Pete kept running back to aid stations to get more water for her, and several times she was about to quit. The frazzled couple kept mumbling to bystanders the litany of marathoners: how much farther? Finally, when Sue had decided that nothing was worth such pain, the finish line appeared, and they crossed it together for the first time. "Never again. Never again," they agreed. Their time was 3:43.

"But afterward," says Sue, "an amazing thing happens. You forget about the pain and agony and everything that happened in the race. You just remember having done it. And to top it off, I won the women's division. I thought, 'Wow, I've done it. Now I want to do it again!'"

And that is how the couple went from three miles a day to 120 a week, with calisthenics thrown in. "We do it for the fun," says Sue. "But we do it also to stay in shape. I've never been a competitive person. I just enjoy getting out there and running. If I win, fine. If not, it's not the end of the world. Mostly, we enjoy running, we enjoy being around the people, and we know it's good for our bodies."

That's for sure. Their skin is clear, their bodies hard, their eyes bright. Of the two, Sue is the more animated, as talkative as a child discovering new wonders. She is excited about the changing consciousness of women, having grown up in an era when perspiration was almost a sin for her gender. Now she takes delight in opening mail bearing the address: Pete & Sue: The Marathon Couple.

"I think that deep down Pete fears I'll tire of it," says Sue. "Running was his love as a kid. He is probably afraid that I'll burn myself out or something. He doesn't realize that now it's very important to me, too. I look at what it's done to my body." A few years ago Sue was the object of gentle chiding because of her solid legs. Pete called her "Steinway Sue." These days they can laugh about the gelatin that once bobbed about her waist. Now she wears a size 5. Pete is tall and thin, the spare sort of man who

continued



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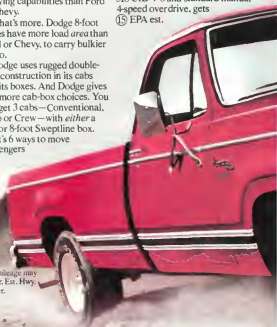


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grabs hold of a project and sees it through. The couple's 42-year-old house is meticulously well kept, despite having been in a constant state of restoration and renovation since they moved in 11 years ago. In the garage is a resplendent 1951 MG. Pete says he can fix just about anything if he can find a book to give him directions. Sue, it seems, is another of his projects. Running alongside her, he has a sense of pride. He never urges her to go faster.

As athletes, the Petersens admit to being almost elderly, but they say the calendar cannot outrun their legs. "Our dream is never to stop," Pete says. "We'll just keep going nine miles an hour until we drop. You know those times in high school, those times when you had such good fun, such good times that you couldn't believe it? That's the kind of time we're having now: going for our run and then to the beach to splash each other with water. That's fun."

When they first met, Pete was a Marine and Sue was dating a dental student and thinking about marriage. Often she practiced writing the names-to-be: "Dr. and Mrs. . . ." By comparison, Pete looked to be a poor catch. He had a burr haircut and still had several years to go in the service, but he had a sense of humor and he was industrious. Sue forgot about the dental student and married Pete. That was 13 years ago. They lived at the Marine base in Jacksonville, N.C. She worked as a legal secretary, and they saved every penny they earned for the down payment on a house.

Since then, they have been in it together, through reveille, the house payments, the kids, and now the running. Says Sue, "What happened to Pete and me is that for the last three years, every sleep we've taken has been side by side. Your body starts to get in tune. We run as a team and it adds something. There are times when I feel sorry for the young girls running. They feel like they have to do well every time. And if they don't, they drop out to save themselves, rather than just finishing. To us, finishing is the most important."

Two things bother the Petersens. One is possible damage to Pete's ego. His friends can call him "Sue's husband" with impunity, but he does not chuckle quite as heartily when strangers do the same thing. Sue, meanwhile, occasionally encounters resentment from women runners who think it unfair that during races



The Petersens go out for a jog as a family, with sons Kristin and Wendy, 11, and Hunt, 8.

Pete is alongside, helping her to keep to a pace. "I've been upset by comments a few times," she admits. "The thing they don't understand is that if I wasn't running with Pete, I would be out there running with some other man. All the women race alongside the men. I think some of them resent that their husbands don't run with them. However, many of them are divorced. And you'll find a lot of them are women's libbers. They're waiting for the day when there will be women's marathons and men's marathons. None of this togetherness stuff."

When Sue went to Cincinnati this spring for an 18-mile road race, it was the first time she had been away from her husband—and she didn't enjoy it. "I'm just not into feminism, which surprises people," she says. "I don't need to be more independent. I guess I'm just a contented cow, really. I'm happy. Running is important, but it's not the most important thing. My family is." It took several months of persuasion before Pete convinced her that traveling overseas was the best way for her to help the cause of women's marathoning.

Pete says Sue has come out of the kitchen and "is keeping up with the 21-year-olds." Their next goal is a time of 2:40. Sue is not being altogether altruistic in lobbying for the inclusion of the women's marathon in the 1984 Olympics

By then she will be only 39, which was Jack Benny's age. "I'm not over the hill yet," she says.

If Sue does get a chance at the Olympics—and not many housewives have—one of the questions she will encounter is how being in love affects her running. In boxing, managers will not let their fighters near a woman for months before a bout. The Petersens are not that strict about training. Last year in Eugene, Ore., on a rainy afternoon the day before a marathon, they retired to their motel room and enjoyed a bottle of wine and the delights of young lovers. The next day they turned in their fastest time ever.

Tangible rewards for being the nation's premier running couple have already begun to accumulate. Clothing manufacturers give them running outfits, and they are asked to speak at clinics. After a race in New York City they were invited to Studio 54. They almost did not go because they thought it was an art gallery.

Morning at Laguna Beach is the Petersens' favorite time and place. They come down out of the hills after their workout, and then they wade into the Pacific, splashing water at each other and laughing a lot. Behind them the sun is rising. The air is clean. No wonder they love it so.

END

Paul Reinhart, an Atlanta defenseman, had just finished a short workout with his team one morning last week and was running off for a few games of racquetball. That night, after a midday steak and an afternoon nap, he would be playing for the Flames in a game against Winnipeg. "Playing in the NHL isn't really what I expected it to be," Reinhart said. "It's a lot different from junior hockey. The players are of more equal ability. It's much more organized. You've only got one job to do. And you work only two hours a day."

For sure, Reinhart was oversimplifying things a bit, but for a 19-year-old he showed an unexpectedly clear and mature appreciation of the benefits he's enjoying as a member of the NHL's hot new Teeny-Boppers' Club. Teenagers are a novelty in the league, because the official draft age since the 1967 expansion from six to 12 teams has usually been 20; in 1974 the NHL made a few exceptions, mainly to combat the rival WHA, which was loading up with teenagers. But last summer, influenced by the fact that its four "new" teams—the WHA refugees—already had teenagers such as Wayne Gretzky and Michel Goulet on their rosters, the NHL voted to go the teeny-bopper route again.

There is concern among the league's old-line managers that teenagers simply aren't mature enough—physically, psychologically or athletically—to play in the NHL, and these same managers worry that the teenage draft will kill junior hockey in Canada. But, says Defenseman Ray Bourque, 18, who was Boston's No. 1 draft pick. "If you're ready to move up, I don't see why you should have to stay with the juniors an extra year. You learn faster in this league." Atlanta Coach Al MacNeil agrees. "When a guy comes to the NHL, makes the team and plays a regular shift at 19, he must be pretty good," MacNeil says. "If he's able to do the job, why hold him back?"

So, for some NHL teams and their young stars, the future is right now. Pittsburgh's Paul Marshall, 19, didn't report

Playing in the pros is kids' stuff

For the rich teeny-boppers skating all around the NHL, the future is right now

to training camp until four days before the Penguins' opening game, but he so impressed Coach Johnny Wilson that Marshall now takes a regular shift at left wing and works the point on the power play. Minnesota's 19-year-old Tom McCarthy, also a left wing, has what North Stars Scout Harry Howell calls "the Golden Touch"; he has scored five goals in his last seven games and had the game-winner in Minnesota's 6-5 triumph at Colorado Friday night. Keith Brown, also 19, plays regularly on defense in Chicago, as do Bourque in Boston and Reinhart in Atlanta. Laurie Boschman, 19, centers a line for Toronto, and Brent Ashton, 19, plays all the forward positions for Vancouver.

In short, youth is making its presence felt, and doing it in a thoroughly professional way. The teenagers are an efficient, quiet lot, not one of them has displayed the cocky flamboyance of a Derek Sanderson. They are a self-assured group, serene and not starry-eyed. Well, maybe a bit starry-eyed. The Black Hawks' Brown spent the first few weeks of the season calling 39-year-old Stan Mikita "Migee."

"We asked ourselves about Reinhart during training camp," says MacNeil. "We wondered how he'd fit in, how a kid could handle coming into this league. But Paul is a bright guy, a smart hockey player, sure of himself on and off the ice." Boston General Manager Harry Sinden echoes those sentiments about Bourque, and adds, "He's destined to be a top player, no question about it."

Indeed, Bourque, the No. 8 pick over-

all in August's draft, so quickly convinced the Bruins that he is the real thing that the front office tried to un-retire the No. 3 worn by the late Lionel Hitchman, a Boston star of the 1920s and 1930s, and give it to Bourque. But the idea proved overwhelmingly unpopular and was quickly abandoned. Instead he wears No. 7, Phil Esposito's old Bruin number, which is fine with Bourque. The reserved Bourque has settled into his place on the Bruins with ease. He teams with Dick Redmond on defense, works the left point on the power play and kills penalties. His playing style is basic. He is not the next Bobby Orr by any means, but he is marvelously talented and certainly not out of place. Best of all, he is a player of the old school—a skilful passer and an advocate of the wrist shot rather than the uncontrollable slap shot.

"Ray's a natural," says Bruin Terry O'Reilly. "I don't think he's playing now with as much confidence as he will have in the future; at times he seems afraid to rush the puck, and that's what he's so good at. But his confidence is building with every game. Ray is feeling his way, but he's definitely in the right line of work."

Reinhart feels that he, too, is in the right business. "Without sounding like I'm bragging, I always knew I'd wind up in the NHL," he says. Maybe so, but Reinhart still had to learn a basic fact about life in the NHL. "The very first day of practice, within 30 seconds, I had my head down and I got decked," he says. "Phil Russell, my teammate, taught me that very important lesson, keep your head up." Like Bourque, Reinhart is a thinking defenseman, able to take the body and complete a pass. "He's clean, always within the bounds of the rules," says MacNeil. "In three or four years he will truly be a fine player."

None of the rookies seems troubled by the rigors of life in the NHL. Travel is still new enough to be an event, not a chore. Despite biased claims to the contrary, there is a thrill in playing at the Forum or Madison Square Garden for

continued

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the first time. And homesickness, if it exists at all, is a twinge, not an epidemic. The typical teenager lives with teammates or his club's trainer, but McCarthy shares an apartment with his brother Bill, 22, a student at the University of Minnesota. "I feel like I'm a baby-sitter," Bill says.

On the ice, the teenyboppers have lived up to their press clippings. "I had hoped to bring him on slowly, but already I'm confident of him in every situation," says Chicago Coach Eddie Johnston of Brown. "By Christmas he should be one of the better guys in the league." Minnesota's Howell says of McCarthy, who had 69 goals and 75 assists last year for Oshawa, "Some players are born with the gift of scoring, and Tom is one of them." Two weeks ago Howell might not have waxed so eloquent. McCarthy was scoreless in his first seven games and had gotten off only two shots. But he wasn't worried. "At first I was looking for someone to pass to, wasting too much time with the puck," McCarthy says. "Maybe that's how it is for a rookie until he knows he's part of the team. There's nothing like a few goals and assists to make you feel that you're participating." Bourque had a goal and two assists in Boston's 6-1 victory over Pittsburgh Saturday night, and Boschman had two goals in Toronto's 8-4 win at Winnipeg.

Of course, the NHL is the big league financially as well as athletically. Last season, in junior hockey, all the teenagers earned about \$60 a week, but now each has pocketed a signing bonus in the \$50,000 range and earns an annual salary of more than \$60,000. "Money was not even a factor in my decision to turn pro a year early," says Reinhart. "I don't really live that differently now." He pauses. "Of course, I did buy a car. A Corvette Yellow. With everything on it."

Reinhart is the only one of the teenagers who so far has splurged that way, buying a \$12,000 car as casually as he would order a pizza with extra cheese. True, Bourque bought a car last summer, but his was a considerably cheaper Camaro. Mostly the spending has been conservative. After two months in a Boston hotel, Bourque is now setting up an apartment in suburban North Andover. "I have to buy a lot of things," he says. "Like dishes." But not furniture. He's renting that. Boschman did celebrate his first goal for the Maple



Atlanta's Reinhart (23) muscles the Islanders' Bryan Trottier away from the net. Bourque provides Boston with deft puck handling on defense.

Leafs by purchasing a box of expensive cigars and handing them out to his coaches and teammates, but his other "extravagances" have been strictly for survival. "I share a town house with Joel Quenneville and we eat out a lot," Boschman says. "We have to, because neither of us knows how to cook anything but TV dinners."

On the whole, the new kids are neither a band of—here comes that worn-out phrase again—the next Bobby Orrs, nor a bumbling cast of Andy Hards who are in over their heads. Individually, they are inching or, in a few cases, gently leaping along; collectively, they're startling a few purists who thought the NHL was for adults only. "I've always played above my age," says Reinhart. "And when you play above your age, you can't use that as a crutch. You can't say, 'Oh, I'm young, I've got time to learn.' If you're treated like a pro, if you are a pro, then you've got to go out and do it like a pro. Being young can't be an excuse."

Maybe not. But in the NHL, it can still be a bit of a high.



THE

The author plunges into the mists of Transylvania in quest of the world's favorite gymnast, Nadia Comaneci. She had been perfect. Then she had faded from view. Now, it develops, there is a new Nadia

BY BOB OTTUM

The taxicab is bombing along the autostrada, full bore, when the driver lifts both hands from the wheel. He puts his thumbs and forefingers together to form little circles in the air. A gun emplacement is looming up fast on the right, the muzzles pointed skyward and draped with camouflage netting. A soldier is standing in the grass wearing a uniform of the same flat green as the guns. The cab driver swings around and looks back over his shoulder, holding the circled fingers up to his eyes, peeking through. He smiles, and a pewter eyetooth flashes. His expression completes the message: *You are always being watched in Romania.* You get it, stranger? *You are always...*

Now the taxi careens around a horse-drawn wagon loaded with hay. This is more like it, even if the quick tableau is too perfect—a prop horse and prop wagon, stationed by the tourist department to clomp forever along this

continued



SEARCH FOR NADIA



lonely stretch of road to Bucharest. Still, a more relaxed feeling slowly sets in after the military shakedown of the airport. Gradually, more cars and more people appear. Finally, the cab is threading its way through city traffic to the Athenee Palace.

This is still a *luxe* hotel, complete with a shadowy ornate lobby inhabited by Otto Preminger rejects; off to one side is the Versailles Ballroom, whose ceiling is a magnificent stained-glass dome. However, in the current social order, the room is no longer used for fancy dress balls. There are three couches and a few chairs in the vastness, where guests sit drinking coffee and talking in hushed tones. As they talk, they watch the others in the room.

There is a message waiting from the translator-guide assigned to this case: Be ready to catch the midnight train to Deva, a town 190 miles to the northwest. The message adds that it would be a good idea to take along a sweater, as it will likely be cold and damp in

Deva. Inquiries are made in the Versailles room, where voices ring hollowly. Deva? Ah, Deva. It is *always* cold and damp in Deva. It is in Transylvania. And it is there, according to the plan, that one will find the elusive Nadia.

There was a time, not too long ago, when women's gymnastics was more of an art form than a sport. It was a lyrical exercise somewhere this side of ballet, an activity pursued by serene young ladies with swanlike necks. There was some bouncing around, sure, but the gymnasts cut elegant arcs with their bounces, even on the bars, and one could persuade oneself that a clutch of nymphs had wandered out of *L'Après-midi d'un faune*. Audiences were polite, judges were immovable, a perfect 10 was out of the question, and there was always the chance to sneak a quick nap during the floor exercises. All of this was before the attack of the mini-monsters.

Then, in 1972, Olga Korbut came fly-

ing out of Russia, probably without a plane, and laid some moves on the Munich Olympics that sent shock waves through the sport. Korbut was Instant Athlete, a tiny explosive force at age 17. She was, in that era, all the wrong things at the right time. She had an inelegant, stringy body, with the hint of knotted-steel calf muscles, and a go-to-hell hard-core barely controlled in horse-tails. But she could do flips and twists never before attempted by girls, and between events the Russians had to put rocks in her pockets to hold her down. Korbut swung the focus of the sport toward athleticism, and probably can be said to have spawned the bigger shock to come: Romania's Nadia Comaneci, then 10 years old.

The world in general didn't awaken to the Nadia phenomenon until she brought down the house at the Montreal Olympics in 1976, but insiders in the sport had foreseen her inevitable arrival. She had become Romania's junior champ in 1971, three years after taking up gymnastics; she was national champion at 11, in 1973—and in 1975, at 13½, she became the youngest gymnast ever to win the European championship. She was 14 when the Romanians turned her loose at Montreal.

From that point, the story is more familiar. Nadia came on with an unprecedented repertoire of double twists and somersaults to win the first perfect 10 ever awarded in an Olympics. That was on opening day. She added six more perfect marks, and came out the other end with three gold medals, one silver and a bronze. She was the new queen of her sport and, without saying more than 20 words or so, had become a worldwide TV celebrity.

Western Europeans and Americans, particularly Americans, found the silence puzzling. Americans tend to fret when they can't immediately grasp a sense of personality, when their sports heroes don't speak in sweeping, heroic utterances, à la Bruce Jenner, who has to be dragged off stage with a hook. Weighted

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAHAM FRELSON



Gymnasts like Nadia attend this special school. They may not return home until after their teens.



down with medals, small and somber, Nadia turned her sad, dark eyes on the world and said:

"Olga Korbut is just another gymnast." And:

"Yes, I can smile. But I don't care to." And:

"No, I never cry. I have never cried."

Not much there to hang a legend on. Journalists fought over the meager human-interest items: Nadia loved yogurt and never ate bread or sugar. She collected dolls—more than 100 dolls, you guys? She was 5 feet tall and weighed 85 pounds, gym bag and all. But her exploits were quite enough. Nadia had stolen moves once used only by men—her piked back somersault from the vault was done more crisply than by Japan's Mitsuo Tsukahara, the guy who invented it. She also introduced startling new gyrations that now carry her name, like the Salto Comaneci dismount off the top of the uneven bars, a high arc featuring a half-twist into a back somersault. Other Comaneci numbers seemed so physically taxing that gymnastic critic Josef Goehler wrote in *International Gymnast* magazine: "From a biomechanic viewpoint, this is hardly conceivable." And her whole routine on the bars seemed so rockless that Max Bangerter, secretary general of the International Gymnastics Federation, grumped that it should be banned, that it could lead to pelvic fractures, among other awful things. But he was much too late. The blast-off, go-for-broke mode was here, and little girls the world over were hurling themselves into a sport of which the U.S. gymnast Ann Carr observed, "This is madness."

Back home, Nadia became a Hero of Socialist Labor of Romania. And she went on winning—for a time. Then suddenly she began to lose a few events here and there. In December of 1976 she "failed to dominate" the Romanian Cup. In 1977 she was named the world's best

continued

Since Montreal, Nadia has grown 3½ inches and added 21 widely noted pounds to her svelte frame

THE SEARCH continued

gymnast, but she failed to show up for some meets and walked out on others. Clearly, she was in some sort of slump. Americans got word that Nadia had—horror—become fat, ballooning up to 112 pounds. The East Europeans, less squeamish, said openly that it was the onset of puberty, and that the slump would come to an end if everybody would just be patient.

In October of 1978, Nadia was beaten by teammate Emilia Eberle in a West Germany-Romania meet, and the crash followed later that month when she lost the world title to Russia's Elena Mukhina, 17. *The Washington Post* said that Nadia was 22 pounds overweight, and quoted *Agence France-Presse* to the effect that she had been ordered onto a crash diet and had taken to skipping school. *People* magazine also carried the overweight item and captioned the photo with **HER CAREER BOTTOMING OUT?**

The world of women's gymnastics is a mean place, insulated in its jealousies, and if Nadia's difficulties were perfectly natural—perhaps it was puberty, after all—insiders in the sport appeared to take a savage delight in kicking her around. This attitude seemed to persist even as she launched an apparent comeback. Last May, Nadia showed up in Copenhagen

to win the European championship with a record 39.45 points, while her Russian rival Mukhina faded to fourth place, and in June she took the World Cup at Tokyo, scoring a perfect 10 in the floor exercise as well as capturing the vault.

But the runarounds continued. Had the queen of the sport, at 17, become "just another gymnast," as she had once described Korbut? Nobody in the U.S. seemed to know.

Obviously, there was only one way to get a handle on this thing: the old Romanian scouting report.

It is cold in Deva, as promised, and not quite daylight. A wet fog hugs the ground, curling around the dark bulk of the station. The village lies across the tracks, in soft focus. The train had crossed the Transylvanian Alps during the night, passing close by Castle Dracula at Poenari, and now, in this half-light, another castle looms on the hill above the town. Its battlements are jagged, half tumbled, and a thin black stake rises next to the main tower. It was on such stakes that the 15th-century Dracula, son of Dracul (the Devil, in Romanian), had impaled his victims, to die slowly. But seen from across the street, at a slightly different angle, the stake turns out to be a television antenna.

The official name of the place sought is the History and Technological Studies High School with Special Training in Gymnastics and Athletics. That mouthful gets no response on the streets. The few peasant women approached shake their heads cautiously beneath their shawls. No, no, there cannot be such a place here in Deva. Well, how about *Gymnastics High*? This produces more glazed looks. Then the translator solves the problem: "The school where Nadia trains?"

"Ahh, Nadia."

The school sits on the hillside behind walls and fences, a huge structure, faded salmon in hue, clearly very old. Dozens of tiny girls chatter brightly in the courtyard, their little noses and bare knees red with cold. The shepherd teachers, instantly wary, merely point out the way to the gymnasium, then watch.

The gym is down a dirt path, back among the trees. The contrast to the rest of the school is startling: it is quite modern, with graceful lines and big windows. It is also empty. The scrubwoman doing the floors in the tiled entryway does not suffer from a language barrier, her clear greeting is, get out of here or you're going to catch one upside the head with this mop.

It's cold waiting in the morning fog, but finally there is a crunch of footsteps along the pathway, and out of the mist comes a young girl. She is wearing a school jumper that doesn't quite reach her knees and a warm-up jacket, and she is carrying a gym bag. Her legs are bare and she walks, a little stuffy in her clogs, with her head down. Then she looks up and there is a flash of dark, brooding eyes. It is Nadia Comaneci.

Bela Karolyi is the kind of man who gets both brighter and better-looking as the day goes on: he peaks somewhere around dinnertime. Now, unshaven and grumpy, wearing a Pepsi-Cola T shirt and warm-up pants, he doesn't want anything that will tax his capacities. Tell me again, he asks the translator, who are these people? Yes, yes, I know *Illustrated Sport*, but here . . . and now? Don't you people at the ministry understand that we don't

continued



On the beam, Nadia works out in the airy modern gymnasium of Coach Karolyi's Gymnastics High

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Nadia keeps an eye on successor Anka Ritz—and vice versa

THE SEARCH continued

allow visitors up here? We are working on new and sensitive and... ah, what the hell. It's cold out here. You can come in if you don't bother Nadia. You must stand at the very edge of the floor, and do not approach her. Or me.

This is, indeed, Karolyi's kingdom. He is 38 years old, a powerfully built former discus and hammer thrower and handball player. As head coach of the Romanian gymnastic team, he has set up his school here, and he runs it with a growling, Vince Lombardi air. Karolyi and his wife Marta scout kindergartens all over Romania for the right girls, this was how he discovered Nadia in 1968. The kids are tested for agility, then a 15-meter sprint, a long jump and a walk on the beam for balance, but it is clear that what Karolyi wants just as much is an unshaped, gutsy quality, elusive in young girls. He seeks reckless kids, unsophisticated girls who can be molded into superior gymnasts who do what they're told and don't cry. The winners leave their families and move to Transylvania, often staying through their teens. It is considered an honor.

Inside the gym, Nadia and three oth-

er gymnasts surround Karolyi to tell him about the great adventure of the night before. It's a bit jumbled, with all of them talking and giggling at once, but there was this boy, and he was posed in this high window, and he was threatening to jump because of his love for, well, for one of them.

Karolyi yawns and scratches his stomach. "What happened?" he asks.

"He jumped," Nadia says. She is suited up now, ready for the first of her two-a-day workouts. She is wearing faded leotards and dirty yellow sweatsocks. A support stocking is pulled above her right knee and her right wrist is taped. Karolyi strolls over to explain.

"She is not taped because of an injury," he says. "She is just being sensible. She sometimes tapes to prevent injury. Actually, Nadia is very robust. She never sprains."

Robust may be exactly the right word, although it seems a bit hefty at first for one so slender. Still, there is no way that Nadia will ever again look fragile, even in repose. Standing with one hip cocked, her arms loose, she is as lean and sleekly muscled as a cat. She offers no feminine hipline from any angle, and there are even clearly defined muscles in her buttocks, with no hint of softness. Sharply etched ribs climb in steps up to her deep chest and broad shoulders. And as a result of that much-publicized puberty, Nadia now has breasts.

Ah, yes. Nadia also has a new hairstyle.

Now, this is a potentially dumb item to include in a scouting report, the sort of thing *People* and *International Gymnast* magazines will go goofy over, but it had better be mentioned, since this is the new Nadia, on the comeback trail. Her hair is close-cropped and shaggy, somewhere between Joan of Arc and Dorothy Hamill. It flies fluffily when Nadia is upside-down and it more or less falls back into place when she is right-side up. It remains brownish-sauburn in color.

Nadia warms up slowly in the floor exercise while the pianist plays one snatch

of melody over and over again and Karolyi sits on four stacked mattresses and watches, emitting an occasional growl. He is coming alive, slowly. It is a painful process for him, and he is not due to smile until about noon.

Nadia likes the floor exercise least of all the gymnastic disciplines. It calls for semi-balletic moves that she regards as too tame, even though she bounds to incredible heights during her routine, seeming to hang for moments in the air. One portion of the program calls for a jazzy dance step in which she is supposed to shake her backside provocatively, but it is apparent that Nadia is not much of a morning backside-shaker, and she glowers at the choreographer.

"Be more dynamic," he says.

She nods solemnly and shakes it again. They both seem to agree that this is better. They both understand that, in formal competition, with Nadia in makeup and dress leotards, this move provides the flicker of a moment when the audience will say, "Awwwwww," in unison, finding it unbearably cute.

What Nadia really likes is the uneven bars, where she can blast everybody's doors off, where she can uncork the dangerous and scary moves that are hers alone. Normally, she operates totally without expression, but when she approaches the bars a subtle change comes over her face, a sort of fleeting look that seems to say, "O.K., you guys, mama's about to show it to you." On this morning, she works almost exclusively on her flyaway dismounts, landing—slam!—on the mat and arching her back and throwing her arms up.

Over in the corner, the team pianist, bored, softly plays boogie to amuse himself.

Karolyi crosses the gym. He is slightly more awake, a bit more ready to negotiate.

"Okay," he says. "You shall now be permitted to talk to Nadia."

There is a tendency on the part of someone not intimately connected with a sport to look for some sort of sign, some subliminal flash of insight, that might tell more about an athlete than mere performance. After all, athletic achievement is measured in points and scores that are posted for all to see and assess, but now,

continued

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The butler did it.

THE SEARCH continued

aside from the suggestion of coiled steel, what is there about Nadia Comaneci that would betray her calling? She sits demurely, knees together, her hair tumbled and her eyes downcast.

And, suddenly, there it is. Even after a shower, grating off the smell of a strong soap, Nadia still has chalk on the palms of her hands. It has been irrevocably ground into all the cracks and lines, and it accents the ridges of tough calluses that will probably never go away. Nadia will have chalk on the palms of her hands until after 1980; she may well wear it the rest of her life, like a pair of gymnastic minstrel-show gloves.

The group is seated around a low table in Karolyi's office. He sets out small glasses and pours pear brandy for everybody but Nadia. The brandy tastes like Exxon Unleaded. The translator works fast and in excellent English, bobbing only slightly on the obvious Americanisms. The Western world wants to know what Nadia is up to in Transylvania. Gymnastics is a tightening game; the level of competition is rising fast. Lord knows, it is tough enough to hang in at all without trying to make a comeback. But will there be a new Nadia at the world championship in Fort Worth next month, and in Moscow?

"Yes," she says. "I have already introduced all new elements into my routine. I have now but to practice them. I make some 20 to 25 moves on the apparatus in the allotted 70 seconds. On the uneven bars, everything is changed. There are three new jumps that only I can do. I am not worried."

Are they dangerous?

"They seem dangerous in the beginning," she says. (Karolyi pours more pear brandy and cues her with a glance.) "No, they are dangerous in the beginning," Nadia says. "But after a while... if you work on a certain move constantly, then, finally, it doesn't seem so risky to me. The idea is that the move stays dangerous, and it looks dangerous to my foes, but it

is not, to me. That is our secret."

What other secrets are there?

Nadia shrugs and spreads out her white palms. "There is a dismount from the upper bar," she says. "It involves much flying and, in flight, a 180-degree turn. Right now, there are three elements in gymnastics named after me. All of them are said to be quite..."

"Daring," says Karolyi.

"...daring, and that is a compliment. Not to me, but to our team and what we do here."

When Nadia bags a 10 in competition, there is no grateful blushing and tugging at her forehead. She looks up now, unblinking. "If it was perfect," she says, "I deserved it." This is followed with just the hint of a shrug; it is obviously a statement and not a boast.

This single-minded dedication to gymnastics seems to have buried any sense of personal joy several layers deep in Nadia's psyche. She has to concentrate to search it out, first struggling through a translation of the question that runs through several Romanian words for "kick." Then she nods at the TV set in

the office. "Sometimes, just after an event, I will see myself on television," she says. "First, I'm curious—and then I'm always surprised. Is that really me? It is hard to relate the two, me and the girl on the television."

But she wants to make it clear that it isn't like watching the Muppets.

"A routine on the floor, or the beam, or the bars is not a play-act," Nadia says. "It may be difficult, but I must make it look easy. There is a psychological element involved for my enemies. It is this element that surprises me on the TV. I must look serene, no matter what."

But serenity doesn't quite seem the Comaneci style.

Nadia considers the incongruity of trying to look madonna-like while sizzling through a piked Arabian front. "Well," she says, "the floor exercises can be classified as classical, lyrical or modern. My floor exercise is more full of temperament. It is more energetic, more intense. While I am doing it—or when I'm on the beam or the bars—I think only of doing things right, not of what might happen. My mind is full of getting it exactly

right. Do that and the medals will come."

So much for serenity. Have the Romanians scouted the opposition?

"The Romanians are the ones who introduce all the new stuff," says Karolyi. "We gave up studying tapes of other nations because we didn't want to be influenced by what they do. We rely on our own imaginations—which produces results every time. In terms of comparative tapes, it is they who are inspired by us."

The smell of pear brandy is starting to hang heavily over the table. If anyone lights a cigarette now, the future of Romanian gymnastics will end in one blinding explosion. Nadia has a moth class. She stands and shakes her hair.

"No, this isn't a hairstyle, it's a plain haircut," she says, scissoring her fingers in the air to indicate that it was done with dull hedge clippers. "I was at the seaside this sum-



Karolyi needn't keep his distance with this little gymnast—she's his.

continued

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Merit Menthol	8	0.6			

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and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per
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mer. It was so hot. So I just had it all cut off. If it grows back for Moscow—who cares? If it bothers me, I'll cut it again. I don't make such decisions, if it grows, it grows."

Clomping out of the office in her clogs, Nadia says that, yes, she's grown since Montreal. "I'm 48 kilos (106 pounds) now," she says, "and I am 161 centimeters (5' 3 1/2") high. I'm in very good condition. I eat all the usual food while training, but not excessively. And yes, I do, too, eat bread. Toast every morning."

Outside the gymnasium, glory be, the fog has lifted.

The man stands on the school steps, a cigarette in the middle of his mouth, watching the approaching group. He is stocky and florid-faced, and he looks as if he had just stepped out of a train crash. On closer inspection, this turns out to be the effect of Socialist tailoring. There is a party emblem on his lapel and the knot on his tie doesn't quite meet the junction of his shirt collar. His wariness eases visibly when he sees that Karolyi is awake and smiling.

Mihai Banulescu is the director of Gymnastics High, which is a party job, not an academic post. In another time and in another place, Akron, say, or Newark, Banulescu would be the executive who could be counted on to have a pint of Southern Comfort in his lower right-hand desk drawer. He is openly fond of Karolyi, who made the school possible in this remote outpost.

A few years ago, the national gymnastics school was located in Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, on the other side of the country, by coincidence in Nadia's hometown. The old school in Deva was falling apart when Karolyi found it. He began making the switch not long after the Montreal Olympics, and while the move of students is now complete, workmen are still busy refurbishing the main building.

"There are a number of reasons for this school," Banulescu says. "For one thing, it is in a location where Bela Karolyi and his gymnasts can work undisturbed, without distractions. It is away from everything. And, besides, it is close to his homeland here..." he punctuates his little joke with a slap on the arm, "Karolyi is really a Hungarian. He is a true

sportsman, a hunter. The hunting is very good around here."

Banulescu conducts the grand tour, creating eddies of tiny girls on both sides. The entire main floor of the old run has been converted into gymnastics classrooms—the *sala de paralele*, the *sala de birna*—all with mirrored walls and scaled-to-size equipment. A swimming pool-size hole has been blasted through the floor of one room and filled with blocks of foam rubber. It is approached by a long, carpeted runway—"the girls are encouraged to run fast and throw themselves into this pool," Karolyi says. "They gradually come to do crazy jumps at insane angles, totally without fear." Other rooms feature beams set at various heights, starting from the floor to the regulation four feet, and graduated sets of uneven bars. All of the foam rubber in Romania is in these rooms. When the girls get good enough, they are sent to Karolyi in the new gym down the dirt path.

"There are 600 to 650 students here," says Banulescu. "Forty-five percent of them are gymnasts, who start at six years old. Karolyi here finds them."

And now Karolyi, growing more cheerful by the minute, steers the group back outdoors. "You see, what we must do here is to produce superior gymnasts," he says. "And to do that, we must work in secret, without distractions. We must keep our goals in mind. Take Nadia, who is so celebrated outside Romania. This is a difficult role for a young girl. In order to maintain her, we must keep her simple. We must..." he searches for just the right literary allusion, "we must keep her far from the meddling crowd."

The cook carefully refills the tumblers with red wine and asks if anyone can hold any more *persoure*, which is pork and rice soup.

"Noroc!" Banulescu, holding his glass aloft. This is the Romanian national toast, spoken forcefully before every drink. "To your very good health!"

The group has moved to the school's private summer chalet on top of the hill near the ruined castle, after stopping at Karolyi's house for *afumara*, his own

homemade brandy. Karolyi's battered old Mercedes, the only one in Deva possibly in all of Transylvania, is parked outside.

"Let me tell you why we have such good gymnasts in Romania," says Banulescu. "It is because our sportsmen in Western nations are produced in laboratories, I mean, urban settings. It's no good, laboratories. In Romania, 90% of our gymnasts come from rural environments. Farms. They benefit from peasant food from peasant farms. Look at these tomatoes! No pollution ever came near them. Noroc!"

There isn't time to put the tumblers back down on the table. "Noroc!" says Karolyi. "Now let me tell you what it's like to be a coach of Nadia." He has grown visibly more charged now. "I feel like a father when my girls are out there—but yet I'm not allowed to grab at my throat. My whole insides are there on the floor, my guts. But it is not allowed for me to put on a show by acting too grave. Our competitions by nature are very long, three to five days in all. It requires much power to master my own emotions and master the emotions of the team; if a coach lets himself go, he could be a bad influence on the girls. And so I hang there, midway between enthusiasm and severity."

The cook is too slow. Banulescu refills the tumblers himself. "To the friendship of sportsmen everywhere, East or West," he says.

The wine is heavy, with a solid, fruity aftertaste. It lies in the stomach like ballast. A plate of dill pickles is produced, as if they were dessert. They are devoré. It seems to make perfect sense.

Karolyi waves his glass for attention: he has something important to say. His eyes are pale green in the afternoon light.

"And now I will tell you of our secret," he says. "Perhaps a few people in the West know this—but soon everybody will. We have a new gymnast, a young girl who will one day be the best in the world. She shall succeed Nadia one day in the role. She has been a junior. This last April she came out by winning a meet in Moscow. We could no longer hold her back. She was suddenly ready, and we began training her ever harder and harder. She won again at Antibes in June. In July we held a testing competition in Ro-

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THE SEARCH continued

mania, and she beat Nadia. I sent her to Tokyo in August for the international junior invitational—it was her first at the world level—and she won it all." He pauses and shrugs. He is proud, but he doesn't want this to seem as earth-shaking as his voice might have indicated, Romania is expected to produce top gymnasts.

"Noroc!" says Banulescu. Everybody drinks to the new girl.

"She will be on the Romanian national team at the world meet in Fort Worth and at the Moscow Olympics," Karolyi says. "Her name is Anka Kiss [pronounced kish] and she is 13 years old."

It figures that Transylvanians would be night people, their internal clocks set to that time when shadows fall across the school yard and the fog reappears. It is about 7 p.m. and the only light in this end of town comes from the gymnasium. Karolyi sparkles now, clean-shaven and combed, wearing a fresh T-shirt and pale-blue warm-up pants. Nadia is loose and easy, standing atop the beam and watching herself in the mirror. She does an experimental backflip, then turns and strolls away as if the four-inch-wide surface were a boardwalk. She doesn't look down.

Perhaps dark, brooding eyes are a prerequisite for Romanian gymnasts; hairless-apparent Anka Kiss stands watching everything soberly from beneath dark hair caught up in a ponytail. She is a miniature, barely reaching as high as Nadia's shoulder, and she has the featureless figure of a rubber doll. There is no way she can be even 13.

"She is 13," says Karolyi.

Kiss comes from Oradea, in the northwest of Romania. Like Nadia, she has been at the school for a long time and, like Nadia, she does not cry. Karolyi says she has never cried. Nor does she smile. She repeats each drill over and over, her brow knitted in concentration. When she falls, she rises and looks at the offending apparatus, then goes back and tries it again. Yet there is a difference.

Kiss glares. She glares at the choreographer when he snaps at her. She glares at Karolyi, at the pianist. She is a tiny Roberto Duran in her approach to the sport, and it is unnerving to see such burning combativeness in someone who should

be wandering around in Dr. Dentons at this time of night. It is only when she looks at Nadia that Kiss eases up. They clearly respect each other.

Nadia works on the uneven bars, repeatedly going from hip-spins to handstands on the lower bar, moving faster and faster until she becomes a blur. With each spin Karolyi says, "Hey!" and with each handstand he yells, "Whup!" She has taped foam-rubber gauntlets to her hands and rubber slabs to her feet to ease her landings, in which she seems to come down from the rafters.

Nadia, just 18, will graduate next spring and then take an examination to become a coach, although she probably won't make that move until she is 20 or so. She will stay on the national team until she's ready to hang it up, possibly doubling on the faculty as a recruiter for Karolyi. "I'd like that," she says. "Visiting the kindergartens to find suitable little girls, the way Karolyi found me." Because she is a Hero of Socialist Labor, Nadia's parents and kid brother Adrian have been moved to an apartment in Deva, and she lives at home with them instead of in the dormitory. Adrian also attends the school. "He's majoring in tennis," Nadia says. "He gave up his early ambition to be a soccer star. All the boys now want to be Ilie Nastase."

The team moves down the gym and assembles on the large carpet for floor exercises. The tape deck is plugged in and a jazzed-up rendition of *Tea for Two* fills the gym, while Nadia launches into a series of double twos and a full back-gainer. The tape segues to *La Goulondrina* and then into rock and at last, after dark, under the lights, Nadia is ready to shake it for the world. She throws in a couple of fanny wiggles and then stops, looking puzzled. "I can't get it right," she says.

"You got it right," says the choreographer.

Nadia does it again, biting her lower lip and undulating in a parody of, possibly, Marilyn Monroe, maybe Mae West. And then, while the team is still laughing, she is suddenly upside down in an effortless bound, her back arched. Off to one side, Kiss watches intently.

The training session doesn't so much

end as wind down. One by one, the girls drift off to the showers. It is now nearing 9 p.m. Nadia stands alone, peeling off tape.

"Perhaps the reason Eastern European gymnasts are so good is perseverance," Karolyi says. "We take constant training, with no gaps for holidays. There are no one-a-day sessions, always two. We have fewer days off or moments of relaxation. We have no involved socials." Nadia throws down the tape as if Karolyi's statement has just summed up her career. "All that will come later."

Banulescu offers a choice between pear brandy and Havana Club, a smooth Cuban light rum. "To the first journalists ever to visit this school, from East or West," he says. "Noroc! To the solidarity and friendship between our great nations."

"The next time we meet, it shall be as old friends, not strangers," says Karolyi.

The group has moved to a tiny dining room just off the school cafeteria. Outside, little girls in warm-up jackets are fuzzy silhouettes in the fog.

Karolyi is now at his ebullient peak, and he launches into a long story about hunting wild boar and black sheep. He tells it with sweeping gestures, playing all the parts, changing his voice for the dialogue of the animals, imitating a mountain sheep standing atop a narrow rock, peering down at the hunter. The translator falls hopelessly behind, and Banulescu pours more Cuban rum. "I tell you, I used to sleep at night before Bela came to town," he says.

A Jeep is waiting outside for the run to the train station at the foot of the hill. Banulescu listens, beaming, to a final toast that thanks him for being such a gracious host. "You must come back again," he says. "There is not time now, but when you come back, I shall tell you the story of the drunken rabbit that attacked the bear. It is an old Romanian folk tale."

Now the school is dark, and one by one the lights in the dormitory are going out. The little girls have all vanished. And again, the fog doesn't just hang there, it swirls. Fog is supposed to swirl in Transylvania. It is a shame, but in this light it is impossible to see the old castle on the hill.

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FRIOTJOF NANSEN SKIED 150 RUGGED MILES TO JUMP OFF A HILL IN OSLO

In later years, Norway's Fridtjof Nansen would gain fame as a polar explorer and as the winner, in 1922, of the Nobel Peace Prize. In the winter of 1884, when he was 22 years old, he got a foretaste of treks to come. He decided to enter the annual Huseby Hill ski jump. There was one hitch—Huseby Hill was in Oslo (then Christiania), and Nansen was in Bergen, 215 miles away.

From the poor descriptions penned in his diary, winter in Bergen can be mightily disagreeable. On the day Nansen read of plans for the Huseby Hill meet in his newspaper, Bergen was lashed by heavy rains, which, he wrote, achieved a "violence unusual even in this rain-ridden town." That was Saturday, the 26th of January. On Sunday the wind and rain intensified. As Nansen looked out at the swamped, dreary streets, he imagined the "pine forest . . . white beneath its mantle of snow, the countryside . . . glittering in the sun."

The jump at Huseby Hill was scheduled for Feb. 4, eight days away. Impetuously, Nansen decided to go, and to travel the only way he could on such short notice, mostly by ski.

He took a leave of absence from the National Museum of Bergen, where he was a natural-history curator, and left Monday morning on the 6:30 train. The tracks went no farther than Voss, only 50 miles distant. As the crow flies, Oslo and Huseby Hill still were 165 miles away.

Nansen intended to follow the crow's flight, due east from Voss across the high Hardanger glacier to Hol at the head of the Hallingdal Valley. But he was dissuaded by those he consulted; they insisted it was folly to cross the Hardanger in winter.

Instead, he detoured north. He didn't find snow firm enough to ski on, so he hiked along a post road, accepted a lift aboard a horse-drawn sleigh and stayed over in Vinje, 10 miles from Voss.

That night it snowed, and the next

morning he set off in high spirits. "This was real winter," he wrote, "winter in all its glory." For company he had his dog, an Irish setter named Fluk—in Norwegian, the word means "clever." But he complained about not meeting other skiers out on such an excellent morning and concluded that the region's inhabitants must be an indolent sort, content to sleep away the winter.

Clipping off the miles and feeling fine, Nansen slowed his pace to try a practice jump. He climbed above the lip of a hill-side and swooped down. "That did one good," he thought, "It made one feel a bit nearer heaven." He ducked his rack-sack, climbed higher and made a longer, lofter flight. A few farmers appeared to watch the tall, blond skier perform. He cadged a drink of milk and asked them how far it was to Gudvangen.

"Going over the mountains, then?" one farmer said, but he seemed more impressed by Nansen's fine skis than by the length of his journey.

Across the mountains it was, to the steep plunge below Stalheim. Winter-falls spilled over the edge of the gorge, and the road angled down the side of the mountain in a series of cramped curves and switchbacks. Nansen pushed off and reached an exciting speed, skirting the brinks and braking before each curve. Halfway down he passed a farmer who flattened himself against the hill as Nansen swept by, closely followed by a brown bull of fair also speeding downhill.

Over flat valley terrain Nansen skied on to Gudvangen, and there he boarded the last postal steamer up the Nærø and Aurland fjords to Laerdal, where he spent the night.

Early on Wednesday morning he headed east up the Laerdal Valley. Starting again from sea level, he found the snow

thin, and for several miles he carried his skis. Not as steep as the gorge below Stalheim, the Laerdal was nevertheless susceptible to avalanches. At noon Nansen stopped by a stream for lunch. He took a pad from his pack and began to sketch, thinking this would be a fine spot to return to in spring for some fishing.

A passing farmer hauling a toboggan interrupted his thoughts. "You're out of your wits, man," he shouted, "to sit under the avalanche!"

"No particular danger, is there?" "I should say so," the farmer warned, and hurried on.

Nansen resumed sketching until another farmer, on horseback, shouted the same warning. The place he had chosen for a picnic was at Saue's Wedge, the site of the area's worst avalanches.

Packing away his pad, Nansen moved on, able to ski as he gained altitude. He put in a long afternoon, sking past Huse and climbing the Vindhellen Road to a ridge from where he could see the Ber-

(continued)





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YESTERDAY continued

gund Valley and the stave church in the town of Borgund.

Daylight was gone when he reached Burlo, and in the lingering Nordic twilight he began climbing the long, steep flanks of the Filefjeld range. This was the heaviest going yet and Nansen was fatigued, but he was determined to spend the night in Breistølen. He crested the Filefjeld under "pale and uncertain starlight," the valleys shrouded in darkness. "On Christmas the year before he had skied these same slopes, in a storm so furious he was forced to remove his skis to make headway, even his dog had whimpered from the cold. Now the air was still and the snow fast, and he and Flink had good running down to Breistølen. He drank some milk and went straight to bed.

His tracks the next morning, Thursday, seemed hardly those of a man with a mission to reach Oslo. The natural route lay southeast, through the Morkdalen Valley to Bjøberg and Hemsedal, to Gål and the Hallingdal Valley. Nansen, however, pointed his skis back over the Filefjeld, picking a long, roundabout path to Bjøberg. "Not exactly a shortcut," he acknowledged, "but I wanted to ski and the main thing was to find good hills."

Pursing it, he made Bjøberg by the more challenging trail at midday and fell in with two hunters tarrying there. They invited him to share a sumptuous lunch—reindeer, which had been preserved in snow since autumn, washed down with a potent succession of beer, brandy, claret and sherry. Coffee and cigars followed, and then old Knut Bjøberg, an innkeeper hospitable to a fault, brought up from the cellar his best bottle of Curaçao.

Nansen pronounced the meal and the company "entirely delightful," though he had broken a personal rule against drinking alcohol and smoking tobacco when he had far to go. Regarding a sense of purpose, he revisited entreaties to stay and hunt grouse, and wobbled off at dusk down the Hemsedal Valley.

Late getting to Tuf, he met a party of horse traders, a society less sporting than hunters. The traders' game was cards and they pressed him to join them. Foreseeing trouble, Nansen bargained instead to hire a horse and rode on to the Kleven postal station, arriving well past midnight and lucky to find a bed. Kleven, too, was full of horse dealers.

He was gone next morning at nine, skid-

ing hard down slopes where spruce and pine grew, and across pastures where satters—farmers' huts—lay nearly buried by snow.

At midmorning he reached Rolfslus. He had gone 10 miles, and at that rate, he calculated, he could make it all the way to Gulsvik, another 40 miles, by day's end. He entered the Hallingdal, the valley that cradles the tracks of today's Oslo-Bergen railway—completed in 1904—and made Neshten in time for an early-afternoon dinner and an hour's rest. Refreshed, he took to the trail again. Snow was falling but he was skiing well, and he and Flink were in Gulsvik late that night.

Saturday's run looked easy—20 miles down Krøderen Lake to Olberg and another few miles for a train connection to Oslo. Nansen approached the lake and found ideal conditions. The ice was smooth and dusted with new snow. Settling into the relaxed rhythm of a long-distance skier, kicking and then gliding, he skied into Rangnes at noon and Olberg an hour after that. Weakening at last, he hired a sleigh to get him to the train on time.

With Flink in tow, Nansen arrived in Oslo that evening. Taking into account train rides at either end and passages by steamer and hired sleigh, he had skied about 150 miles in six days.

On the seventh day he got some rest, and on Monday he entered the Husby Hill meet, forerunner of today's Holmenkollen competitions. He placed ninth. The Norwegian Sports Journal reported, "Fridtjof Nansen entered again this year. While he exhibited the same beautiful style as before, he did not seem to be at top form."

The meet at Husby Hill was Nansen's last competition. After that, other goals occupied his thoughts, foremost among them a scheme to ski across Greenland, which he did in 1888. Nansen questioned the value of competitive skiing. "The purpose of sport," he later wrote, "should be to develop and strengthen the body and the soul, while taking us into nature. But many of our sportsmen have become muscle machines, race horses who strive to break records and come in a few meters ahead of their fellows."

At the time, however, his foremost concern was the matter of returning home. Nansen packed his rucksack, strapped on his skis, whistled up Flink—and skied back to Bergen.

END

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Reminiscence

by PHILIP SINGERMAN

WHAT A KARATE BUM FINDS IN OKINAWA IS FALLIBILITY, BUT NOT INSPIRATION

Now we hugh about our trip in 1971 to Okinawa, my friend Mike and I—he was 23, I, 28—and sometimes, if it's late at night and we've had enough to drink, we talk about returning, just to look around, eat sushi, and check out the clubs in Namin-ue. Mostly, though, we think about the karate school of the Old Master. Nontalga often can't discriminate between a warm shower and a scalding. Anyway, we managed to survive the trip with our sanity intact, though just barely.

We had come to Naha, the capital of Okinawa, with Ohima, our karate instructor, who was returning home after spending three years in the U.S. The purpose of our trip was to study karate in the *dojo* school of Nakahima, the Old Master, and to absorb the culture of the island where karate had developed. Naha was a city of squalor, far from the island paradise painted for us in America.

We had been studying in Naha for close to a month, and the temperature had been over 100° every day. After a two-hour workout in the *dojo*, the thermometer usually was

pegged in 115°, and I was dropping from eight to 10 pounds a day. In addition, Okinawa was experiencing its worst drought in 50 years.

For many weeks we toiled in the *dojo*, where we were greeted by pettiness and by rancor instead of the promised blend of physical toughness and spiritual porry. No matter how hard we drilled, the heat kept us awake at night, and we took to drinking beer in the

air-conditioned all-night sushi parlor.

Only twice was our routine interrupted. Once we took a late night journey with a native Okinawan through the mosquito-ridden countryside to meet a revered bow-staff maker.

Rural Okinawa was as dismal as the city, and littered with civilization's cast-off debris. We stopped, finally, at an intersection flanked by a putrid swamp and some ramshackle huts. As in all matters of the spirit, one obviously had to suffer to reach the home of the bowmaker. After we met the tiny old man, however, we learned that he had given up making the ancient weapon for the more lucrative trade of turning out ornate leather belts for GIs. A Sunday afternoon visit to Nakahima's favorite Zen monk was also disappointing. He was a grandiose man who talked at length about freeing the mind of bodily concerns, while his Mercedes sat in the driveway, venetian blinds shielding the leather upholstery from the sun.

Eventually, Nakahima started giving lectures before each evening class. Ohima translated these talks for us, and the recurring theme was a call for adherence to strict karate training and renunciation of the material world. Some renunciation! Upon our arrival in Okinawa, Nakahima had offered Mike and me a single room attached to the *dojo*, six feet by 10 feet, with a double-decker bed, for \$125 per month apiece. Our humble apartment in Naha cost \$65 a month.

The black belts began skipping Naki-

hima's lectures and only showed up in time for the workouts. Different men taught on various nights and each had his own idea of how the kata—a sequence of dance-like exercises performed with ritualized repetition—should be executed. None of the changes were according to the precise and fluid movements Ohima had taught us. The Old Master was losing his grip, and each black belt was taking the opportunity to do things his own way in direct contradiction to the time-honored precept of selfless dedication to the art.

Finally, one night, a special meeting of all black belts was convened to standardize the kata as it had been performed for decades. We awaited the outcome with a sense of relief, certain that Ohima would straighten out the young upstarts, bring a semblance of continuity to Nakahima's *dojo* and give us all a break from the unnerving nightly corrections. But Nakahima countermanded the very techniques Ohima, his protégé, taught and sided with several of the younger black belts. Ohima, who had devoted his life to the study of the Nakahima system, was visibly disrespected, but he said nothing, at least not to us.

I had begun my study of karate one winter when I was low on money and had to curtail my New England ski trips. To people who asked why I studied I gave these reasons: to find inner peace, to reach a better understanding of my body, to improve my powers of concentration. The

truth was I entertained all the same wild-west daydreams that lure thousands of others into *dojos*. I wanted to stride fearlessly down any back alley, to saunter into the toughest bar in town and order a glass of milk.

And so, on a snowy winter evening on eastern Long Island I stumbled into a *dojo* and for more than a year I strained and groaned my way through full-contact sparring, bumps on the head, bruises and



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Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore.

While I nodded in the hushing, suddenly there came a rushing,
as of someone slowly flushing water 'cross my chamber floor.
Only this and nothing more.

Eagerly I wished the morrow, vainly I sought to borrow
plungers to relieve my sorrow, mops to dry the soggy floor.
I slowed it down and nothing more.

Ankle deep in water standing,
long I stood there wheezing, panting,
weeping, cursing curses no mortal ever cursed before.
As the mess was slow subsiding,
my thoughts were strong to go a-riding
to dry my troubled clothes, perhaps to find a liquor store.

I jumped astride my motor scooter,
a big black bird screamed "Roto-Rooter"!

"And away go troubles down the drain"—
Roto-Rooter.
Quoth the raven: "Evermore."



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Look for "Roto-Rooter" in the white pages.

tongue lashings about how karate would make me a man. One day a black belt opened a gash on the forehead of a much smaller brown belt. The next day I quit. I would either get myself maimed, or I would disfigure someone else. Neither possibility appealed to me.

Several months had passed when I heard about Ohima. The karate system had split into two separate schools, one following Ohima (and hence the Old Master, Nakahima), the other—mine—adhering to the full-contact approach. A guy I knew was working out in Ohima's school and talked me into coming with him to watch a class.

Ohima moved with the controlled power of a caged tiger, and taught by example with calmness and patience. He was a small man whose strength seemed understated. After class I talked to him and told him why I had quit karate.

"People who come into the dojo see many things," he said. "Maybe they think karate will make them tough street fighters, but ones who stay, who study for long time, are interested in something else. I believe true understanding of yourself is possible, but that takes very long. A karate teacher has great responsibility. He can turn out students who are animals, who want to fight, or he can teach so that his students will find the inner peace that I believe exists in true karate. This instructor's students will do all they can to avoid violence, because they will learn true dignity which, of course, must extend to all men . . . but to teach this is very hard."

Late that night I called my friend Mike and told him about Ohima. We decided to study with him and earn our black belts. For the next three years we worked out constantly. We would sit and talk with Ohima until the early hours of the morning, listening while he spoke about karate training, about the importance of practicing kata, until, one day, if we trained long and hard enough, we would reach "mu-shin," the ego-less state of mind that knows no fear of failure or of death, and the kata would perform itself. He was a man of unsurpassed skill in his art. He followed Nakahima, his master, and when Ohima decided to return home, Mike and I followed.

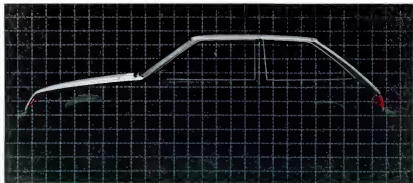
Three days after the disturbing black belts' meetings, we told Ohima that his promises of open arms and true spiritual development had been empty, that we

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REMINISCENCE — continued

had had enough. He asked us to remain, and we didn't have the heart to refuse. So we stayed a while longer in the heat, among unfriendly people, working out harder than before and drinking with Ohima more than ever, until one night, in a tiny bar on a nameless street, he began talking earnestly to his fist, and refused to let us take him home. About a week after that our money ran out. With nothing left but a plane ticket, we departed from Okanawa for good.

There were happy things, though, to remember about the trip: the day I hit the jackpot on the one-arm bandit at the Seaman's Club, the sushi man who used to slip us extra slices of our favorite fish; and the old lady from South Carolina—called to Okanawa by her Baha'i faith. We once showed up at her door, numb from working out, bug-eyed from the heat and on the brink of desperation. "Why you boys," she said, grinning, "you're nothing but a couple of karate huns who won't ever come to any good." Then she made us sandwiches and iced tea while we sat in front of her fan, just breathing. I still have a photo of her with her dog, scolding us with an uplifted finger.

Ohima returned to America some months after we did, but he had changed. I guess we had, too. He took to meditating a great deal, and he began drinking again. Our late-night talks grew hollow. I saw students improve markedly in karate but remain the same outside the school, the human heart being harder to change than the body.

In karate technique, Ohima was the best I'd ever seen and, still, with all his speed and strength, he remained a peaceful man, true to the words he'd spoken to me when I met him. But to grow, I could no longer follow him. Mike and I stayed to earn our black belts, and having reached that small personal goal, we both moved on.

From time to time I still slip into my Gi and work out and for an hour or so I drift back into the world of the elusive kata. Sometimes, the moves begin to flow, one into the other, like carefully wrought parts of a precision machine, and the beauty of the art appears. Then I think of the steaming nights in Naha, my former teacher talking to his fist, and the words of Miyamoto Musashi, a renowned 17th-century Japanese swordsman, tacked to the wall of Nakahima's dojo: "Pay your respects to the Gods and Buddhas, but never rely on them." END



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UP AGAINST STEEL

Sir,

Paul Zimmerman's article *Curtain Call for the Steelers* (Nov. 5) should finally lay the Dallas computer to rest. As each new season unfolds, every preview and television announcer eulogizes the Dallas system. No wonder the pros are discussed like the stock exchange. I am surprised the Cowboys don't play in three-piece suits and hand off a briefcase. The Cowboys can't cut it against the Steelers.

JOE MORRONE
Clarks Summit, Pa.

Sir,

There is no doubt that Pittsburgh beat Dallas on Oct. 28. But to revert to the old computer clichés and rhetoric is absurd. Should Tom Landry chuck the philosophies and standards he has developed over the past 20 years and institute a draft of the non-thinking footballer whom Dennis Winston so eloquently described? Pittsburgh and Dallas are both good. The game was hard-nosed and tough. Let's leave it at that.

GARY J. STEWART
Dallas

Sir,

Heinz Klummeier's two-page photograph of the awesome Steeler defense is an 58-classic. In my opinion it is surpassed only by another shot of the steel curtain—the spread in the article on the infamous "Snow Bowl" game against Cincinnati (*Smashing Through the Snow*, Dec. 6, 1976).

BARRY J. SCHLESHELT
Philadelphia

KUSH

Sir,

It was refreshing to read your report on the situation in Arizona State (*There's the Devil to Pay*, Oct. 29). On Sunday, Oct. 28 some 1,000 of the Kish faithful marched to the Arizona State Capitol, where they presented, to a representative of the Board of Regents, petitions signed by more than 61,000 people requesting the reinstatement of Coach Frank Kush. Guilty or not, Kush was not given a fair shake in the matter, and we Friends of Kush support him 100%!

CRAIG J. NICOLAS
Phoenix

Sir,

If Frank Kush is guilty as charged, he is not any guiltier than hundreds of other coaches throughout this country, all the way down to the youth leagues where the games stop and the wars begin. At issue is the major role sport plays in society today. When lives are threatened and college funds possibly denied

because of an activity that was once known as merely a game, it is time for all of us to stop and think. Do we want a pigskin to govern our lives?

GARY ERLANDSON
Jamestown, N.Y.

Sir,

It is sad that we can corrupt so pure an institution as amateur sports. In major collegiate sports, the system of reward is based not on effort, but on victory. There seems to be an association in the minds of sports fans, at least in America, between outcome and effort. "If you didn't win, you didn't give 100%" is the misconception prevalent today. No wonder the NCAA has so much trouble upholding its principles—it has to face pressure from the public, from the moneyholders and apparently from the lawmakers (judging by the remarkable threats of the two Arizona state legislators).

The attitude of the student body and administration at Arizona State is to be commended; it's of some comfort to know that those most closely connected with that institution have not lost sight of the fundamental principle upon which their athletic program is based.

PHILIP S. BENNETT
Gambier, Ohio

Sir,

In reply to the statements of two Arizona legislators threatening to withhold funding from Arizona State University, your readers might be interested to know that this view is not shared by others.

As chairman of the State Senate Appropriations Committee, I can say that we consider Arizona State University first and foremost an educational institution. Athletics are important as part of a well-rounded program, but it certainly is not my intention to take punitive action, nor have I heard any member of the Senate committee express any desire to take such action.

The Kush affair is a matter now for the Arizona Board of Regents and/or the courts.

JOHN C. PRIZELAKI JR.
Member
Arizona State Senate
Phoenix

Sir,

In the article concerning the frightening situation in Tempe, *Arizona*, you mentioned that the Sun Devils earned Coach Frank Kush onto the field for the game against Washington in what was probably a college football first. At the 1976 Cal-Stanford "Big Game," the Stanford Cards carried Jack Christensen, who had been fired as coach, onto the field.

The situation was very different, however. Coach Chris never punched a player, but in 30-22-3 record and alumni and media pressure forced his firing. He was a coach who held the players' interests above his own. I know because I helped carry him onto the field.

MIKE CONNOR
Union City, Calif.

NO TEARS AT WAKE

Sir,

As an ardent fan of Wake Forest University since 1964, I compliment you on your story about the Deacons (*Never, Never, Never, Never, Never Give Up*, Nov. 5). We fans think Wake epitomizes everything college sports should be: small school, small budget, great enthusiasm and the desire to educate our athletes. To us every victory is like 100 victories to the USC's, Notre Dames, Michigans and Alabamas. It appears at long last that the cream is starting to rise to the top.

STAN ROGERS
Apex, N.C.

Sir,

Wake Forest Athletic Director Gene Hooks was quoted as saying that he kept waiting for the bubble to burst for his school's football team. Pop! Clemson 31, Wake Forest 0.

CUBIS FIELD
Denver

Sir,

In your article on Wake Forest's Deacons you refer to Appalachian State as "tiny." Appalachian State currently has more than 10,000 students enrolled. It boasts the nation's leading pass receiver, Rick Beasley, and one of the nation's leaders in total offense, Quarterback Steve Brown. At this writing, the Mountaineers are 2-7, but though their record might not be very good, they are not tiny.

ERR, PETER VERSCHURE
Bowling Green, Ohio

LEHIGH'S DAY

Sir,

I enjoyed reader Fred Row's comments in the Oct. 29 issue about Florida A&M's victory over Miami. He compared the feat to a team like Lehigh beating Penn State, or Chico State beating USC. It is interesting to note that Lehigh broke the record for the most points ever scored against Penn State in a football game, having routed the Lions 106-0 in 1989.

J. MOSER
Northport, N.Y.

JACOBS' TD

Sir,

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19TH HOLE continued

cent-style kicker, who mentally rehearses his kicking in a "sensory isolation" tank (Scott-Card, Oct. 15), missed a PAT on Oct. 27 under unusual conditions. On fourth down, with seven yards to go at the 23-yard line, Jacobs and Quarterback Jim Petran set up for a field goal. Instead of kicking the ball, Jacobs scampered around left end, caught a perfectly thrown pass from Petran and went into the end zone untouched. It was Jacobs' first pass reception and his first touchdown. Unfortunately, Jacobs followed with another first: his PAT attempt was wide to the left, making it his first miss since he began kicking for Lawrence last year and ending his string of consecutive PATs at 65.

It was a disappointment, of course, but it made no difference in the outcome of the game. Lawrence 36, Coe College 6.

LELAND D. ESTER
Director of Public Relations
Lawrence University
Appleton, Wis.

PARLAY CARDS

Sir:

Regarding Milt Hopwood's REMINISCENCE (Oct. 29) about his "road to riches—or (gulp?) to Tibet," the similarities with my experiences are too great to ignore. Approximately 20 years after he ran football parlay cards at Wilkes, I was running them at a small college in southern Wisconsin. While I never suffered the anxiety of missing a Western Union deadline, I was apprehensive about offering the cards during a Dad's Day weekend when I learned that my customers included a judge, an FBI agent and a police officer (they all played).

I didn't quite make it to Tibet, but I did find a copy of your Oct. 29 issue lying on a table in a Peking hotel.

EUGENE ANDERSON
Tokyo

LYNCH'S LOBOS

Sir:

Congratulations to Bill Gilbert on his fine story *Keeper of Something Unique* (Nov. 5). Let us hope that those noble wolves, like the seldom-seen griffons and wolverines, will survive.

I don't envy Jack Lynch and Mary Wheeler working in the wolf pens, but I admire them for trying to save the wolves because they can be valuable in the food chain of wild environments. Skeptics who want to know more about this should read "Thinking Like a Mountain" in Aldo Leopold's famous book *A Sand County Almanac*, first published in 1949 and studied by the new breed of young ecologists who will, I predict, be glad to help save those wolves.

V. S. PEED HAYS
Boise, Idaho

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